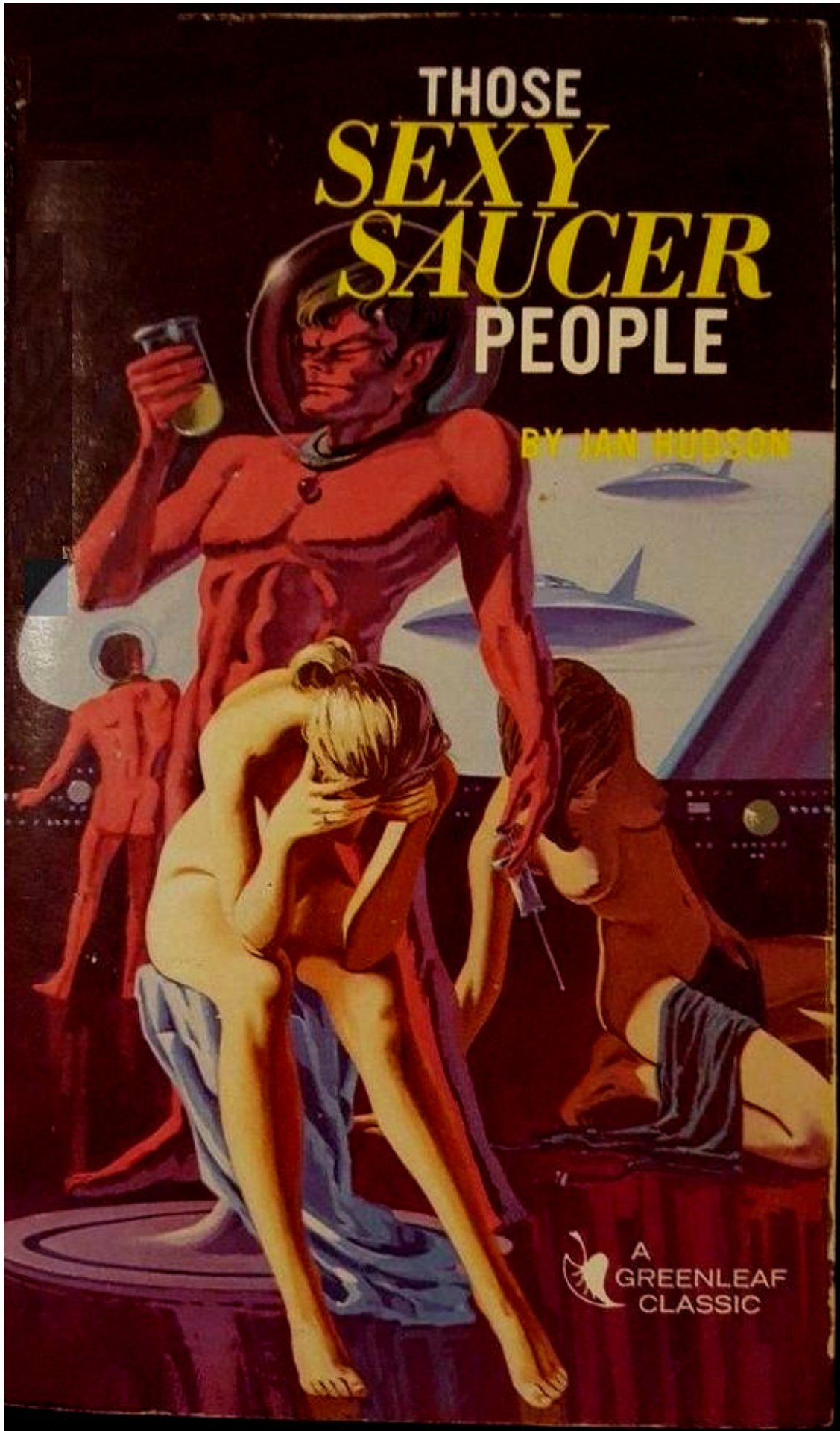


THOSE
**SEXY
SAUCER**
PEOPLE

BY JAN HUDSON



A
GREENLEAF
CLASSIC

THE INVADERS ARE WINNING!

A divorce was sued for and won, after an alien from space was named corespondent; a California woman is writing a book about her multiple assault by space aliens that proved all too human; an Earth home was split when a Venusian and a Saturnian couldn't resist their ethereal urges.

These are only a few of the unique consequences experienced by "contactees" when outer space invades Earth on an overwhelming number of fronts.



THOSE *SEXY* SAUCER PEOPLE

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INTRODUCTION

THE GALLUP POLL TELLS US THAT SOME five million persons claim to have seen flying

saucers. This book is not about those who merely report having seen unusual phenomenon in the sky; it concerns that smaller number of people who have not only seen flying saucers but claim to have talked to the spacemen who pilot them and, in many cases, to have ridden in the saucers themselves. In fact, some of them say they are spacemen or have married space women.

When I began the investigation that led to this book, I didn't disbelieve in flying saucers and neither was I convinced of the reality of the so-called contactee stories. By the time I finished my research, I hadn't changed my mind on either score.

Some of the non-contactee evidence is too well authenticated to be overlooked, and the contactee stories are at least of psychological interest. Unlike most of the people with whom we deal in this book, I do not know what flying saucers are, where they come from, or what they signify.

I do not have a pipeline to the infinite as most of our subjects claim to have, nor do I have final and incontestable proof that the whole flying saucer business is a hoax perpetrated by the U.S. Air Force and certain scientific investigators, as Dr. Donald H. Menzel claims.

JAN HUDSON If the contactees are the "believers in saucers, and Dr. Menzel represents the "atheistic" point of view, then I will content myself with being an "agnostic." I don't know the truth. I can only report to you what I found out during several months of investigation.

I began by visiting several Flying Saucer Clubs. It would be impossible to deal with each of these groups chapter by chapter, as I will discuss various other facets of the "contactee phenomenon," so I'll briefly offer here a summary, or rather a collage, of several of them.

Naturally, all of the following did not take place on the same night or at the same club. The sign on the outside of the building said: THE REORGANIZED CHURCH OF THE U.F.O., and in smaller letters underneath: Hear The Words Of The Space People Tonight.

I started to enter but found my way blocked by a small man dressed in a red toga and sandals and holding something in front of him that looked like a geiger counter—at least it was clicking like a geiger counter.

"The rays...the rays, this strangely attired gentleman said, running the instrument up and down my clothing, "The rays are getting worse."

"What rays?" I asked, visions of Strontium-90 swimming through my head.

"The rays...the zero rays from their ships. They're everywhere! You can't see the ships but the rays are everywhere!"

"Are they dangerous?" I asked.

"Dangerous...dangerous." He looked at me wildly. "What do you mean dangerous?...dangerous?"

His habit of repeating everything was disconcerting. "I mean, are the rays harmful?"

He looked blank, "Harmful...harmful," he said and hurried away.

I went on into the building, looking around for some sign of the zero rays but seeing nothing but a little dust and a few cobwebs in a corner.

A tall, thin young man wearing horn-rimmed glasses was addressing a group of about thirty people. I found a seat quietly and listened.

"Captain Linda-Ray, a beautiful woman of the planet Solocon, which is on the other side of the sun from earth and consequently never seen by our astronomers, took me on a four-hour trip to her lovely world. The ship in which we traveled operated on solar emanations from the bodies of the Soloconians and went at speeds in excess of fifty thousand miles an hour."

I scratched my chin in puzzlement. Fifty thousand miles an hour hardly seemed fast enough for such a trip.

"Captain Linda-Ray introduced me to the Supreme Ruler of Solocon, a gorgeous six-foot blonde named Dora-Ray, who told me her people have been waiting for ten thousand years to contact Earth to warn us about atomic radiation and the fluoridation of water which will rot the brains of the people of Earth."

Something sounded very far off about these extremely advanced extraterrestrials. Their chemistry was bad and their astronomy even worse.

"No one on our world realizes the dangers," the young man was going on in a serious and tremendously sincere manner, "I mean, the dangers from the fluoridated water conspiracy. Only our friends on Solocon and they..."

"Excuse me," said a small woman with silvery hair, "but I would like to..."

"Please!" The young man looked annoyed. "You may ask questions after I finish.*"

The woman sat down and he went on with his story. "I asked Dora-Ray why her people hadn't contacted Earth before this. She looked at me pointedly and spoke with utter sincerity. 'Because,' she said, 'we have been waiting for a man who could understand and interpret our knowledge for the people of Earth.'

"I stared at her, not quite willing to believe what she seemed to be saying. 'You mean...?' I said.

" 'I mean, you are that man, Dora-Ray told me, placing her hands on my shoulders. 'You, Simon Hudson, are that man!'

" 'I hope that I will prove worthy of this great trust,' I said humbly, although I knew, in all modesty, that she was right. There was no one else from Earth who was capable of understanding the magnificent sweep of their knowledge."

Oh boy, I thought. We're in bad shape if Simon Hudson is Earth's greatest brain.

Then he was going on in the same reasonable voice saying the same unreasonable things. " 'You must begin work at once,' Dora-Ray told me, 'You have only ten hours in

which to learn everything we know so that you may teach it to your people. In ten hours Solocon will again be on the other side of the sun where it cannot be reached from Earth for fifty years!

«But how can even I, Simon Hudson, learn so much in so short a time?» I asked.

We will help you with our hypno-robot-subliminal teacher,' Dora-Ray said with a smile.

"Then this beautiful blonde ruler of the planet, and her two head scientists, Lena-Ray and Rita-Ray, accompanied me on a trip through their crystal-glass city to the huge laboratory where they had machines and instruments undreamed of by our scientists and by means of which they have made discoveries that disprove everything our scientists have claimed to know. In this great laboratory, I was placed on a foam cushioned hypno-couch that relaxed by body and brain and prepared it to receive the vast store of their knowledge.

Dora-Ray stood beside me and looked deep into my eyes. When you awake, you will again be on your home planet,' she said softly as sleep began to steal over me. "We hope for much from you, O Great Man of Earth. Do not fail us. Do not fail me.'

Fear not, I will not fail you,' I promised as my eyes closed. "But will I ever see you again?

" 'Perhaps, if you prove worthy of us,' she said just before the room faded away.

"In what seemed like only seconds, I was opening my eyes to find myself in the middle of Sunset Boulevard with frightened people staring at me.

"A flying saucer! We saw a flying saucer! One man said, and I could only smile.

"I'm sure you did,' I said and ran to catch the bus that would take me home, a changed and a far, far wiser man than even I had been before."

The thin young man smiled as he finished his tale, then reached into a briefcase and produced a book. "And what of that wisdom that the Solocanians entrusted to me to impart to the people of Earth? How can you gain your share of this supreme wisdom? You can all have it by reading my book, *Wisdom From a Flying Saucer*, which you will find on sale in the lobby for only six dollars and ninety-eight cents a copy. I urge you, my friends, not to pass up this great opportunity to read and absorb this knowledge.

Having concluded his pitch, Simon Hudson left the platform amidst scattered applause.

"Excuse me," the woman with the silvery hair spoke up again, but I am quite well acquainted with this solar system, and there is no such planet as Solocon. May I also point out that due to the varying rotation of the planets, no one of them is always on the other side of the sun, and..."

"Sit down !" someone shouted. It's not your turn yet!"

Just who do you think you are ?" Simon Hudson demanded angrily. "What right do you

have to mess up my story?"

"Yeah, what do you know about space anyhow?" another voice demanded.

"Well, you see," the small woman said. "It just so happens that I recently landed from a spaceship and..."

So what?" interrupted a bald-headed man in the front row. "A lot of us have recently landed from spaceships. I'm from Saturn myself. You'll just have to wait your turn."

"But I really am from..."

"Repent! Repent!" a woman's voice screeched from the rear of the room. "The flying saucers are God's angels sent to watch over us in these Last Days! Repent! Repent! Repent before it is too late!"

I turned around and saw a tall, straggly-haired woman in a white roba holding a white Bible high over her head.

"Revelations 10:7 tells us of the mighty angel with a rainbow at his head sent to save mankind! The flying saucers are those mighty angels. They are watching us! Their eyes are upon us in the marketplace, in the country house, in the places where women dance top less with their naked bodies glistening before pop eyed men! Their eyes are upon us as we smoke the Devil's sticks we call cigarettes and when we drink the hell-poison men call whiskey! Their eyes are upon us always! Yea, Lord, the eyes of Your angels are upon us, even in the sweltering lust of our carnal beds!"

Somewhat to my surprise, no one except me seemed to pay much attention to this outburst. From the expression on most people's faces, they seemed to think her version of flying saucers was somewhat unscientific.

The next speaker was already on the dais, a short, hollow-eyed man with an intense, staccato delivery that grated on the nerves.

"My program, the program given me by the Grand Coordinator, Pollious, of the Andromeda sector of the Galactic Union is this: First, all money must be called in and replaced with a new system. This will be preceded by a gathering of all industrial and other leaders of the world to form the Cosmic Cooperative and Friendship Union. The Union will issue work units to everyone. These work units will take the place of money which has so long held mankind in bondage to the international bankers and foreign subversives.

"If you have read my book, *Cosmic Cooperation from U.7.0.'s*, you already know that among the people of the cosmos there is no crime, immodesty, hunger or sex. They do not live in huge, crowded cities, but each in his own beautiful garden in which grow thousands of wonderful flowers with perfumes so rare and strange that..."

"I beg your pardon," the silvery haired woman interrupted again, but I must point out that

you have made several basic mistakes in your description of our society. In truth, we have done away with crime and hunger, but as for sex well, we haven't done away with that and I don't think we should care to, and..."

"Why don't you wait for your own turn and quit trying to queer my pitch?" the man on the dais asked heatedly.

"I was just trying to correct..."

Sit down and shut up!" "Yes, wait your turn!" "But please, I should like to inform the people of Earth that..."

A man who seemed to be moderator got up from this chair at one side of the speaker's rostrum and banged a gavel three times. "Please, madamu," he said firmly. "We're all anxious to get our messages over to the people of Earth. You'll just have to wait your turn to speak."

A fourth speaker took over then and began to relate his experiences with the beings he had contacted. "I am a member of a small group that has been in touch with the space people, and we feel this world can only be saved through the efforts of these vastly superior beings. I will play this tape which I recorded during a radio communication with the captain of a flying saucer."

A table was wheeled forward, and he placed the tape on the machine and adjusted the controls to his satisfaction. The reel began to turn, and a voice began to speak in slightly stilted English.

"I am Lelan. I am what you Earth people think of as the head of government of the planet Nobelia. I speak to you across the parsecs in order to bring you news-both good and bad. The good news is that a great new age is about to begin for you, with the help of we Nobelians. We have contacted the President of the United States, the Pope of the Roman Catholic Church and other world leaders. Unfortunately, they have chosen to ignore us, and so now we will act through this simple but far wiser man who is playing this tape for you.

"In the future, R. Spencer Jason will become your leader and all our dealings with you will be through him. But before this new age can begin, we must rescue you from the evil influence of vicious inhabitants of the planet Zeno. Let me assure you that all your Earth knowledge will become obsolete as we supply you with new information, and all good things will be free, but only after we drive the Zenonians from among you.

"First, let me warn you that the Zenonians will stop at nothing to prevent our saving Earth. It is the Zenonians who control all government officials on your planet. It is they who have brought all evil to Earth. It is they who control the Comilinst World Plot Adolf Hitler was a Zenonian, and so are those who have advocated fluoridated water,

pasteurized milk and the vaccination of children. J. Edgar Hoover know the Zenonians are the worst menace your beloved country has ever faced, but his bureau can do nothing because of the Zenonians in powerful places who are plotting against Mr. Hoover himself..

"But there is something that can be done, and you believers who are listening to me are the ones who can do it! Listen to this nian, R. Spencer Jason, who is your new leader, your representative to the Space Congress.

Beware of the Zenonians! Be suspicious of people around you who seem strange! Watch out for people who dress and act oddly ! Examine the man or woman next to you! Beware !Beware, until you hear from us again!"

After listening to this chilling exhortation, I turned and looked at the guy next to me. He was rather strange looking. Maybe he was a Zenonian, maybe even one with enough nerve to plot against J. Edgar Hoover. I edged away from him just as he began edging away from me. I turned to inspect the man on my other side, and he was moving away too. It was just as well, I decided. He looked as though he might be a Zenonian also.

A discussion period followed the recording, and I finally got a chance to voice my impression, or rather explanation, of the space people. I told the believers what I thought the U.F.O.'s were. It seemed to me, I said, that they always showed up just after we set off H-Bombs or made new space flights. "In fact, I said, "I think Earth is a giant institution in which the human race has been incarcerated for its own good, and every time we start rattling the bars, the keepers come hurrying down to take a look."

No one seemed to care much for this theory, and when they served coffee and cake, I wasn't offered any. Feeling somewhat hurt, I left and went out into the night without ever finding out exactly what it was the little silvery haired woman who had come in from space to attend the meeting wanted to reveal.

Later on, when I got to know the "contactees" better, I realized my theory was not only mocking but not even original. An elaboration of the "asylum" theory had been printed in the Gene Sherman column of the *LOS Angeles Times*, attributed to a gentleman named Art LaVove whose tongue was firmly planted in cheek as he expounded it:

About 75,000 years ago, the Old Race which comprised the nucleus of the InterGalactic Empire (IGE) was faced with revolt when 235,000 inhabited planets, roughly 34%, of IGE seceded. When they demolished the IGE PRime Base on the fringe of the Dark Horse Nebula, fighting spread everywhere.

For a while, the fate of IGE hung in the balance, and it looked as if the IGR, or InterGalactic Republic, would win out. But as the battle raged for several thousand

years, the IGR retreated to what We now call our solar system.

Their base, Mur-Anta, was finally blown to bits by IGE prime maulers and tractor beams and the remains of Mur-Anta now drift between Mars and Jupiter. They're called asteroids. Die-hard IGR forces fell back to the moon, where the rebels made their last, Tathetic stand.

Some 400 survivors were captured, but instead of being erased they were given lobotomies, l'e duced to Savagery and banished to Earth where they eliminated the Neanderthals eventually. The rebels, called Cro-Magnons, began their slow climb up the ladder of evolution.

Ever since, the GE has maintained a constant patrol throughout the solar system. Actually. Earth is nothing more than a penal colony, although it is operated more like a sanitarium than a prison.

Lobotomized prisoners arrive here daily, dropped into hidden reception centers by IGE officers. All of the aberrated of the Cosmos are dispatched here, where they can be witched. To put it bluntly, this planet is an IGE nuthouse.

The saucers? They're fly-cops in white suits. Every so often one of them lands, takes one of their charges aboard and talks with him. So, far, they've been able to report to IGE headquarters that the Cro-Magnons haven't changed a bit.

What happens when we try to escape? La Vove finished, I wouldn't dare guess.

The preceeding story was quoted in full in the January 1959 issue of Search magazine where it was commented on by the editor, Ray Palmer, with whom we will deal more fully in connection with the so-called Shaver Mystery. While admitting that LaVove's story was obviously told tongue in cheek, Palmer found much food for thought in it. First, of course, he found it a "cleverly written, even brilliant but dangerous" attempt to cast ridicule on the saucer believers. But in the story itself he found some truth.

"But isn't there any evidence at all that something like this fictional piece may be true? Those who are Bible readers might look upon the exile of Adam and Even from the Garden of Eden as precisely an incarceration in a "sanitarium penal colony."

Palmer goes on to state that his personal beliefs about mankind are remarkably like those set forth in Mr. LaVove's joke, and to discover that they are also like those set forth in the Shaver Mystery except that instead of the lobotomy, it is a "radioactive poison which polarizes the mind and reverses thinking..."

In fact, Palmer decides that perhaps Mr. LaVove "who speaks with his tongue in his cheek, may have uttered the prize truth of all time."

Anything, of course, is possible. Mr. LaVove in his humorous way may have hit upon the "prize truth", or so may any of the contactees whose stories follow. The reader will have to decide for himself.

WHO'S WHO IN SPACE

LIDEO-Lideo is one member of an organization of 5,000 Immortal Masters in this section of the universe. He has made several "in person" appearances to Elary Willsie of Los Angeles. During one of these visits, he conducted Willsie on a time travel trip to downtown Los Angeles in 1863. This educational tour included a visit to Judge Augustine Olvera and a discussion with him about events that would occur in the future, up to 1963. MR. ZDEEN ALEXANDER-This spaceman travels with a female companion named Adela. They visited the Los Angeles headquarters of the Associated Flying Saucer Clubs from March 25th to 28th, in 1963. Their home planet is in another galaxy. Mr. Alexander promised Marianne Francis that he would appear in his spaceship over her home in Santa Barbara one evening at 8:30. True to his word, 1 ship appeared there at that time and was seen by several witnesses.

VAL THOR OF VENUS-He is the only known spaceman ever to make an appearance in the Pentagon. It was there that he contacted Dr. Frank E. Stranges.

MONKA OF MARS, MENTAR OF VENUS, CRAETON OF JUPITER, GREGORNO-Planet unknown=These four all contacted Earth through their "channel" Wilbur Miller. I am at a loss to say whether this Monka is the same Mon-Ka who speaks through Richard T. Miller, and, if so, why he hyphenates his name in one case and not the other.

ASHTAR OF VENUS Ashtar speaks to the people of Earth through Elana Lane of Whittier, California, The similarity of this being's name to that of Ishtar of Babylon may be coincidental, but Ishtar did have some connection with the evening and morning star in Babylonian legend.

CAPTAIN AURA RHANES-According to Truman Bethurum, this lady is the captain of an "Admiral's Scow" from the planet Clarion. Mr. Bethurum describes her in his book, *Aboard « Flying Saucer*, thusly: "Her smooth skin was a beautiful olive and roses, and

her brown-eyed flashing smile seemed to make her complexion more glowing." During most of their eleven meetings, Captain Rhanes wore a red and black dress with a beret of the same color, but once she appeared dressed more dashingly. "...a bright gray slack outfit, very chic indeed, with her fully developed, small figure set off by the slacks which appeared almost as if painted on her, so snugly did they fit.

Captain Rhanes has also established communication with Earth through Elana Lane. I am unaware of Mr. Bethurum's reaction to this development, or if it is possible to copyright one's space contacts.

FIRKON OF MARS, RAMU OF SATURN, ORTHON OF VENUS-These three were all friends of the late George Adamski. The names are not their real ones, but only those that "Professor" Adamski assigned to them for purposes of identification. According to Adamski, names are not used by space people because they have "an entirely different concept of names."

RENTON OF ALPHA CENTAURI-Renton is four feet tall and something of a joker. He has reported that he followed astronaut Gordon Cooper around the earth for the full 22 orbits of his flight. He is also noteworthy as being one of the first spacemen to take pictures of flying saucers with a camera which he borrowed from the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America. The pictures didn't come out too well because of the magnetic field of his own ship and that of the subject of the photograph. Renton may or may not have taken pictures of Cooper's capsule in orbit. If he did, they have not come to my attention as yet.

ASHTAR--As nearly as I am able to tell, this is a different Ashtar from Ashtar of Venus. This one is George Van Tassel's Ashtar and is the supreme commander of all saucers sent from the artificial planet Schare.

VOLTRA OF VENUS, KORTON OF MARS, MON-KA OF MARS-Those three spacemen are among several who speak through Dick Miller. Tapes of their messages to Earth are available for as little as \$6.50. This seems cheap enough, considering the great distance the messages travel and the extreme importance of their contents. Voltra, for instance, has warned that cosmic influences are upsetting Earth's natural axis. Areas that are now land will soon become water and vice versa when Earth "flips on its axis." This will, We are told in print, result in "complete catastrophe" (sic) (Seemingly, some of the space people pronounce our language better than they spell it.)

Voltra is more broadminded than many of the space people in his views of Terrans. He

feels that if we were "...given the same educational advancements, the same knowledge, you are entirely as intelligent as we. We have only the advantage of a more advanced educational means."

Voltra has also cleared up some suspicions that space people may have been involved in the crash of Earth aircraft. "We have not deliberately caused any accidental crash, or committed any happenings which could be construed as destructive. We wish you to know this, that is why we are stating it." That certainly seems definite enough and should make anyone who has been worried about possible attack from space breathe easier. MASTER KALEN-LE RATAN-This beautiful, young (74 years old) space girl is the main contact of Bob Renaud. She is from the planet Korendor and has been described as a breathtakingly beautiful blonde who appeared to be about 18 or 20 but proved to be in the prime of life at 74. By radio, she reportedly described herself as follows: "I am five feet four inches tall, 122 pounds, 37-22-26." These somewhat odd measurements were later amended to read: 37-22-36.

A Few Planets You May Never Have Heard Of Until Now CLARION-According to Truman Bethurum, this planet is located on the other side of the moon, and hence is never seen. It is very similar to Earth but the colors and textures are different there. The animal life, however, is just like that of Earth. There are no such things as prisons, lawyers, bank guards or juvenile delinquency. Liquor and tobacco are not used, and the Clarionites are extremely religious and worship a Supreme Entity that sees all, knows all and controls all.

This planet has also been reported by contactee Chief Standing Horse in his book *My Four Day Trip to Mars, Venus, Clarion and Orion*.

Interestingly enough, there is some reason to believe that Clarion may have been moved recently. Elary Willsie, returning from a trip to Mars, passed close to Clarion to admire its many beautiful trees, rivers, lakes and oceans. He reported that Clarion is in Earth's orbit, 180 degrees opposite, always behind the Sun, and unseen from Earth. Now this is rather confusing because Aura Rhanes quite definitely told Truman Bethurum that Clarion was on the other side of the moon. It has occurred to me that there might be two Clarions but it hardly seems likely there would be such a shortage of names for planets that two in the same solar system would have to share one. No, I prefer the theory that Clarion has been moved-- perhaps because of all the Soviet and American space probes aimed at the moon lately. Of course, there is one other explanation, but I hesitate to advance it for fear of casting doubt on Captain Rhanes' professional reputation. Surely it couldn't be possible that the lady's space navigation is so sloppy that she doesn't know where her home planet is located?

BLAAU-George Van Tassel says that the fireballs so often seen in Earth's skies come from Blaau.

SCHARE- This is an artificial planet or satellite from which the "so-called" saucers come, according to George Van Tassel.

TYTHAN-A planet 8 1/2 light years from Earth which has been kind enough to send its Prince Neosam and Princess Negonna to save us from ourselves.

KORENDOR-This is the third world of the 12-planet system of the star Korena, It circles that far star in an average orbit of 144 million miles. Its year is about twenty-four months long and its atmosphere similar to Earth's but richer in oxygen. It is about six times as large as Earth and has four moons.

Korendor's leader, Master Kalen-Le Ratan, communicates through Bob Renaud, a young electronics technician by means of special-directional short-wave radio.

Korendor has caused considerable discussion among the local Tribunal of Planets because of its alleged interference in earthly affairs in an attempt to solve such problems as Vietnam.

Large numbers of Korendorian agents are on Earth at present, walking our streets in disguise. (They are humanoid except for being rather short-three to four feet high on the average.) Their skin coloring is 1 little darker than that of Terrans. However, Master Kalen-Le Ratan is very definite in denying that any of his people are "green, blue or heliotrope," as is sometimes reported of space people.

FOWSER-- This is Earth's second moon, according to George H. Williamson. It is a "dark moon never seen because of certain conditions."

MASER--This planet's existence was announced by Karl Hunrath, and later when he and a friend disappeared on November 11, 1953, it was rumored that he may have been kidnapped by little men from Maser who were then getting ready to invade Earth
The invasion apparently has been delayed.

MASAR-According to Dick Miller, this is the name the inhabitants of Mars use for their planet. There has been a civilization on Masar for 2 million years. The atmosphere is quite breathable for Earthlings, although three days of conditioning would be necessary first.

The people of Masar work only four hours a day, and there is no poverty or illness. They

live to be around 400 years old and then pass on to etheric realms."

This planet has an extensive industry, second only to Centauras in the production of space craft. Forty five per cent of the flying saucers used in the solar system are produced here.

Masar is ruled by a group called *The Order of the White Cross*. The members all wear a white cross on their clothing and are selected from the general population by a series of examinations which take two years.

The inhabitants of Masar speak to Earth by utilization of Dick Miller's vocal cords.

1 THE PEOPLE IN THE SAUCERS

THE SWEET LITTLE OLD LADY WITH THE

armful of flying saucer publications looked at me ecstatically when I remarked that I was going to write a book about flying saucers.

"Oh, I think that's just wonderful!" she enthused as we stood in the lobby of a downtown Los Angeles hotel after listening to half a dozen contactees tell their stories of riding to the moon and beyond. "That's marvelous! Where have you been ?"

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"Where have you been in a flying saucer?" she asked.

"Me? I haven't been anywhere. I'm just going to write a book about..."

Then who are you a channel for? Mon-Ka of Mars, or maybe Voltra of Venus ?

"I don't believe I understand," I said, "What is a channel ?"

The smile faded from the little old lady's face and some of the sweetness went with it. Now she was looking at me as though I were some kind of loathsome alien who had crawled out from under a rock instead of arriving in a spaceship.

"Do you mean to tell me you're going to write a book about flying saucers without ever having ridden in one?" she demanded severely.

"Well, it's not going to be just about the saucers," I defended myself. "It'll be more about the space people and..."

"That's even worse! How can you write about space people if you've never met any? That's like a blind man trying to write a book about color,"

That's not exactly what I meant either. What I'm really going to write about are people like the ones we've been listening to tonight. The ones who claim to have ridden in flying saucers and talked to space people."

"Oh, them," she said, shrugging. "They're nothing but a bunch of fakes."

"Fakes? How do you know that?" "Because they tell me," she said mysteriously. "They? Who are they?"

"Why, the Deros, of course. They live in caves under the ground. They tell me that all those creatures in flying saucers who try to pass themselves off as space beings are really only Titans who left Earth before Atlantis sank beneath the sea. Now they're coming back, pretending to be from space, but I know they came from Earth originally."

"Oh, You mean that the space people are fakes-not those who claim to have spoken to them and ridden in their saucers?"

"That's right," she said. "They lie to those poor contactees. That's why some of the stories seem so wild. The Titans are awful fibbers, you know."

"But why would they lie? Why pretend they're from outer space if they're really from Atlantis ?"

Her eyes darted around quickly to see if anyone was watching us. Then she leaned closer. "They're afraid no one would believe them, so they make up all those wild stories."

"Then why hasn't this all been revealed before?"

I asked.

Again she glanced around quickly. "People have to be careful," she told me. There's the Three Men in Black and there are evil Deros, and no one dares tell the truth. Richard Shaver told about it once, and you know what happened to him."

"No, what did ?"

"Well, you never hear about him anymore, and no one publishes his articles," she said. Yes, I guess that's so," I said. "But you see I'm going to write about the contactees, the people who have met these so-called space people. That would be all right, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes," my acquaintance said. "Somebody should write a book about those poor souls who have been so put upon by those phonies."

With that she hurried off, one ear cocked to the side as though listening for whisperings from underground, and I went back to my task of finding out about the contactees.

To my little old friend they might be poor put-upon souls, but to the many who attend their conventions and read their books and listen to their lectures, they are singularly

fortunate humans who have been chosen by enlightened beings from space to convey their messages to Earth. We will deal with some of the more famous in separate chapters, and confine ourselves here to brief but representative sketches of some who claim to have talked to space people and/or to have ridden in their vehicles.

DONALD W. FRY Donald Fry was the first of the modern contactees and the first to ride in a saucer, although his story was not made public until after that of George Adamski. The so-called White Sands Incident (which is also the title of Mr. Fry's book) took place on July 4, 1950, approximately two years before any other contactee report, although it wasn't revealed until 1954.

At the time, Mr. Fry was employed by Aerojet General Corporation of Azusa, California. He was working at the White Sands missile testing site as an explosive technician. July 4th was a holiday which he had intended to spend in nearby Las Cruces, New Mexico, but when he missed the bus, he decided to go back to his room and read. A failure of the air-conditioning in the building sent him out into the comparative cool of the desert night, and he decided to take a stroll out into the sandy, hummocky area that surrounded the base. He summarized part of his story for the book *Flying Saucers Fact or Fiction* by Max B. Miller:

"The sun had been down for some time and the moon was not yet up, but it was far from dark. The White Sands Proving Grounds is situated upon a rather high desert plateau. The air is very clear and the stars very bright. Unless they are obscured by a heavy overcast they will always furnish ample light for comfortable hiking.

When about three quarters of a mile away from the base, I observed an object in the air coming toward me from the direction of the peaks of the Organ Mountains, which rise almost vertically above the base area. It was moving slowly, descending at an angle of about 45 degrees and constantly diminishing in speed as it approached the ground. Its operation was completely silent. There were no propeller blades, jet streams, or any other visible means of application of the force which controlled it. Being in a position which made me at least slightly familiar with practically all of the missiles and other aeroforms which were being developed in this country at the time, I felt certain that this was nothing which had been produced in the United States. It also seemed unlikely that the technology of any other country on earth had progressed to a point which would permit the construction of such a vehicle. With this realization, I felt a strong desire to be somewhere else, and was restrained from flight Only by the knowledge that this would be the surest way to call attention to myself."

So instead of fleeing Mr. Fry stood his ground and watched as the object settled to the

ground about seventy feet from where he stood. He could now get a better look at the thing and he described what he saw as an "oblate spheroid about thirty feet in diameter at the widest part, and about sixteen feet in height, silvery in color with what appeared to be a slight violet iridescence, which might or might not have been caused by the light in which I was viewing it."

The "oblate spheroid" just sat there without moving and without any sound issuing from it. Summoning up his courage, Mr. Fry moved toward it and circled around it. In doing so he saw no portholes or doors, nor did he detect any sign of life. Then, in order to discover if the thing were hot, he stretched out a hand to touch it.

"Better not touch the hull, pal. It's still hot," said a voice that seemed to issue from a loudspeaker in the ship.

It might seem that being addressed as "pal" and spoken to in English would have caused Mr. Fry to jump right out of his hiking boots, but he was made of sterner stuff and soon struck up a conversation with the disembodied voice which identified itself as "Alan." Alan then revealed that they were not actually speaking but communicating telepathically. He was not, he told Fry, in the grounded object at all. It was a remotely controlled cargo carrier operated from a mother ship which was then 900 miles above the earth. The cargo carrier had been sent to our planet to "collect atmosphere" and to contact "properly receptive people so that ideas might be exchanged."

Fry wasn't willing to buy any of this, nor was he willing to believe what Alan told him about the capabilities of the spacecraft. When he expressed his doubts, Alan countered by offering to let him ride in it.

"After some hesitation," Fry says, "I accepted the offer, and was taken for a flight which demonstrated beyond question, the remarkable abilities of the craft and the advanced nature of the intelligence which had created it."

A previously unseen hatch opened, and Fry stepped inside the ship. He found himself in an oval room about seven feet by nine, and seated himself in one of the four contour chairs it contained. Then the ship took off and flew to New York at a speed of about 8,000 miles an hour. It stayed at a height of thirty-five miles but dropped down to around twenty miles as it circled over the city before heading back toward New Mexico. The entire journey took a total of thirty minutes and during that time, Alan and Fry had a discussion of Earth's history.

According to Alan, there had once been two great civilizations on Earth-Lemuria and Atlantis. They were both in possession of advanced weapons (probably nuclear) and when they went to war with each other, civilization was destroyed. The few survivors were divided into two groups. The first group took off for Tibet where they established a

civilization from which all others on Earth have descended. The second group fled in four space ships, but only three of them made it safely to another planet where they founded their civilization. From time to time, visitors from the off Earth culture have returned to visit their brothers in Tibet and look things over on their old planet.

By the time the history lesson was over, the ship set down again at White Sands, let Fry out and returned to wherever it had come from. This, substantially, is Donald Fry's story, and it is relatively mild compared to contactees who were to follow him. In fact, Fry has apparently come to feel this himself, because after listening to some of the tales told at a recent flying saucer get-together, he was heard to remark, "I'm pretty much out of my class here."

GLORIA LEE BYRD Gloria Lee, a beautiful former airline stewardess, was a specialist in space age sex. She was the channel (telepathic contact) for a being from Jupiter who was known only by the initials J.W. Her first contact with this being happened in September 1953, and was established through the device of automatic writing. Using Mrs. Byrd, J.W. was able to write his book entitled *Why We Are Here*. This is the first book to give us an indication of what a space being's view is on sex. A whole chapter, called *The Sexual Question*, is devoted to this subject. J.W. has quite definite views on sex and doesn't hesitate to expound them.

The trouble with the minds of this planet (Earth) today is you have entirely misconceived your sexual desires. Sex is not evil, as so many of you seem to think. This is a necessary vibration in order to sustain the life forces of positive and negative energy that emanates through this planet."

J.W., however, is not so broadminded about abortion. "This is really the worst sin there is," he tells us. Abortion is bad but so, seemingly, is marriage because J.W. claims there is no such thing on other planets where much greater freedom is permitted between male and female.

Mrs. Byrd was quite popular on the flying saucer lecture circuit and often wowed believers with her lecture *Saucers, Science and Sex*." She later founded and became president of the Cosmos Research Foundation and wrote at least two more books on the subject of space research, *Changing Conditions of Your World* and *the Going and the Glory*.

Unfortunately, Gloria Lee Byrd passed away on December 2, 1962, after a sixty-six day fast. Gabriel Green reported her death in his publication *UFO International* as a "premature transition" and this is as good a description as any other if, as I was

informed by a saucer fan, "she locked herself in a room and starved herself to death because they told her to."

BUCK NELSON AND HIS SHAGGY DOG STORY

Buck Nelson was born in Colorado and spent most of his life traveling all over the United States and working as a farm laborer. He finally settled down in the back hills of Missouri, and it was there that fame overtook him in July of 1956. He had just stepped out of his house that afternoon when he noticed three disc-objects hanging overhead. For some reason that isn't clear, he was carrying a flashlight in broad daylight and immediately decided to signal the discs. The ships replied, but not with a flashlight. They used a ray that knocked Buck head over heels. This seemingly hostile action was in reality a friendly greeting as Buck discovered in the next minute or two.

"I had suffered, off and on, from lumbago in my back and neuritis in my side and arm for fifteen years," he says. "When I started to get up, easy-like, I was surprised because I felt no pain."

The saucers didn't linger to talk that time but it wasn't long until they were back, hanging overhead and apparently inspecting the vicinity. After several such visits, one of them landed in Buck's back pasture, and three men and a huge dog climbed out. Buck was astonished to recognize one of the men as a relative of his who had died, or as the space people sometimes phrase it, had undergone a "premature transition." The relative, strangely enough, was named Bucky and informed Buck that he was now living on Venus. One of the other passengers from the disc was a young fellow who looked about twenty but turned out to be around 200 years old. But it was the dog that really attracted Buck's attention. The shaggy monster, whose name was Bo, weighed over 385 pounds and was as friendly as a bull pup.

Because Buck was so taken with the dog, the Venusians offered to leave him for a while on one condition. "You've got to comb and brush him every day," they instructed. "A dog as shaggy as that needs a lot of combing and brushing."

Buck agreed, and when the disc took off, Bo stayed behind. Faithfully carrying out his grooming task, Buck was soon rewarded with a by-product of several pounds of Venusian dog hair. Now Buck wasn't one to pass up an opportunity like that. He divided the hair into small packets which he placed in envelopes and sold to saucer fans at the Fourth Interplanetary Space Convention in 1957.

From Space dogs Buck moved on to space religion. During a visit to Venus, he was given what he calls THE TWELVE LAWS OF GOD. These bear a rather startling resemblance to the Ten Commandments but Buck can hardly be blamed for that since

in any properly run universe God's laws would probably be the same for both Earth and Venus.

THE MARTIAN-SOVIET ALLIANCE

This story came out in a strange way, and the couple who told it have never been identified, but Ray Palmer reported it in the January, 1959, issue of *Search* magazine.

Russia, it seems, has been negotiating with the Martians for control of the moon and because of this will be the first to land earthmen there. This was revealed to reporter Edward Baumann under unusual circumstances. In a white frame house, with lights dimmed and shades drawn, two men and a woman with dark flashing eyes and jangling earrings," met the reporter and told their story.

"I have had a 10-year running acquaintanceship with the Martians," said George ==, 48, a thin man with a thick head of gray hair.

"They have given me the complete know-how for constructing a space craft, and permission to build

Homer ----, 43, an engineer, said he has authenticated the story.

"America has rejected the information. The Russians have been begging for it," Homer said.

George's wife, Clara, a gypsy-like woman with a colored kerchief around her head, said that for several years now Martians have been landing space ships in their spacious back yard and consulting with her husband.

Among the things they have told him:

-The moon is populated by Stone Age type people who play with diamonds the size of goose eggs.

- The Martians are "occupying" the moon, and will vacate when earthmen arrive, because the moon is the earth's satellite.

-U.S. made space satellites that failed to go into orbit and disappeared are now on display on the moon.

-The type of space ship the Martians told him how to build would cost a maximum of \$20 million, and could reach the moon in three hours.

-In 1947 in America three groups of Martians were killed by mistake. A brother of one is in Russia getting revenge by giving space ship secrets to Russia.

Later George pointed out a speck of light high in the midnight sky. "See that white job hanging up there? That Martian ship has been up there for a couple of weeks."

Although Edward Baumann didn't seem much im. pressed by George, Homer and

Clara, Ray Palmer was.

THE REARRANGED LIVING ROOM

Miriam Teel Clarke, in *Mystic* magazine, reported a meeting with a being she thought might have come from a flying saucer, Mrs. Clarke was standing on a busy downtown corner, waiting for her daughter, when a stranger stepped up to her.

"I looked into the face of a tall, slender man who had the most piercing, deep-set black eyes I have ever seen. His face was a singular face, sallow and lean with heavy creases about a wide kind mouth and hollow cheeks. Immediately I thought of Abraham Lincoln. Though this man was not so tall, he wore the long black coat and tall silk hat so much in vogue at that period."

The Abraham Lincoln type fixed her with his black eyes and spoke. "Have you ever seen hell?" he asked.

"Yes, when my husband was sick unto death," Mrs. Clarke answered.

"Have you ever seen heaven?"

"Yes, in the eyes of my baby and the heart of a moonflower,"

The stranger was apparently impressed with these answers because he turned to an invisible companion and commented, "Therein lies wisdom."

Then Mrs. Clarke asked the gentleman if she had ever known him before and was answered with a smile and these words: "Yes, you knew me a thousand year's ago, but who I am is of no importance; now my friend, hear me well and heed my words for I have bridged the chasm, the gulf between thee and me, in order to bring to you good tidings, proof that the words spoken by the greatest teacher of all times are true: 'I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold I am alive forevermore. Amen: and have the keys of hell and of heaven!' I am sent to give this proof in describing in detail the appointments of your home, though I have never stepped across its threshold." 9. The gentleman proceeded to do just that, and perfectly, except that he came a cropper when he got to the living room. He had that all backward and even talked about a crystal vase filled with honeysuckle.

Mrs. Clarke's faith took a severe shaking at this since she knew there was no honeysuckle in the vase and the furniture was arranged differently than he indicated.

"Am I correct, my friend?" the stranger asked.

"No, you are all wrong," Mrs. Clarke said, letting sarcasm slip into her voice.

The stranger wasn't at all concerned but went right on to tell her the reason for his visit.

"One more thing," he said, "then I shall depart. I see a letter lost in the vines growing on your front porch; it contains a check which will be a very pleasant Surprise."

With that he disappeared before the eyes of the lady and her daughter, who had arrived while the conversation was going on. The vanishing act seems to have impressed Mrs. Clarke anew for she hurried on home to investigate. There she discovered that her other daughter had rearranged the living room in her absence, placing things exactly as the stranger had described even to the honeysuckle in the crystal vase. Mrs. Clarke then hurried outside and searched through the vines until she found the lost letter.

It contained a check from *Photo Play Magazine* for \$25.00. first prize in a contest. Here was proof Indeed that her meeting with the stranger had been no dream or illusion, but an explanation seems lacking.

What was the point? Why had the stranger come all the way from Venus or from a thousand years back in time just to find a twenty-five dollar check? Somehow it seems a terrible waste of effort for a Venusian to make a thirty-six million mile trip or a theologically more important being to make one of a thousand years for a piddling amount like that, but then, one never knows, does one?

THE DEROS AND THE RAYS

Science fiction fans who walked into the office of Ray Palmer, editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic Stories*, during the years 1945-57, were often astonished to find him cowering behind his typewriter with his head cocked to the side as he listened for the Deros who had been destroying his carefully edited copy and melting his typewriter with their rays.

What are Deros? A race of evil dwarfs who were left behind when the Lemurians and Atlantians left Earth twelve thousand years ago. The Deros (detrimental robots) are equipped with various fantastic rays and other weapons with which they cause most airplane crashes and train wrecks and other accidents that plague the human race.

They first made their appearance in 1945. in *Amazing Stories* magazine. A Pennsylvania welder named Richard Sharpe Shaver was their creator. He sent a ten-thousand word letter, headed "A Warning to Future Man," to Palmer's magazine that began as follows:

"Sirs: I'm sending you this in hopes you will insert it in an issue to keep it from dying with me. It would arouse a lot of discussion.'

Palmer agreed and proceeded to rewrite the letter as a thirty-thousand word novel entitled / *Remember Lemuria*. Then he advertised it as a true account of the ancient lost continent.

Shaver claimed his information concerning Lemuria and the Deros came from thought

records" hidden in secret caves. He said he had been picking up "telaug" (this is a machine that sends audio-visual telepathy rays) signals on his welding machine. Palmer didn't care for that explanation so he said Shaver's knowledge came from "racial memory."

According to Shaver, the lost continents of Lemuria, Mu and Atlantis had been colonized from space thousands of years ago by superior beings. Eventually, however, our sun began to give out radiations that shortened the several hundred-year life span of the super beings. When they left, they were forced to desert the Deros who have ever since been doing all the damage they can manage.

1 *Remember Lemuria* and the stories that followed it enjoyed a huge success. Thousands of letters poured into the magazine, many of them from people who reported they already knew about the Deros and were being persecuted by them. Others told of visits to cave cities and backed Palmer's policy of publishing the stories. And he needed backing because old line science fiction fans who had once made up the bulk of the magazine's readership were demanding that the ridiculous hoax be stopped.

Finally the science fiction fans won out, and the publisher of *Amazing Stories*, William B. Ziff, ordered the stories discontinued. The last one, *Gods of Venus*, was published in the summer of 1948. What has come to be called the Shaver Mystery by some, and the Shaver Hoax by others, was over-but not before it became part of the flying saucer legend.

The reason for this was that Palmer had begin to incorporate the flying saucers into the Shaver stories some time before they were stopped.

"If you don't think space ships visit the earth regularly, as in this story (*Cult of the Witch Queen*), then the files of Charles Fort and your editor's own files are something you should see... And if you think responsible parties in world governments are ignorant of the fact of space ships visiting earth, you just don't think the way we do."

So you see, the saucers are actually space ships piloted by a race of Titans (the master race that fled from Earth) who are now returning to check on mankind and on the "Deros" they left behind.

There are elements of the Shaver Mystery in many of the contactee stories, and the concept of a hollow earth and/or cave cities appear in several.

2 AND AWAY WE GO TO MARS!

BESSIE T. ARTHUR MET HER CONTACT ON beach at Santa Monica and, odd as it may seem,

it was none other than the famous Captain Aura Rhanes, who was later to spend so much time in the company of Truman Bethurum.

Mrs. Arthur was performing her "meditations" on the beach one night in 1937 while her small son played nearby. She had just looked up at the stars and said to herself: "They are my brothers and sisters up there," when 2 star that at first made her think of the star of Bethlehem began to fall toward her. As it came. it began to look more and more like a large floating bubble.

Mrs. Arthur says she had long expected to see a craft from another world and was thrilled. She was so thrilled that she blessed it within her and began to sing *Pelly Bubbles in the Air* in its honor. Then she approached the craft and was suddenly conscious of a feeling of weighlessness.

"At first I could barely make out the figures of a man and a lady inside the giant bubble, but later I also saw that there was another figure of a man in the back part of the circular craft...

"The Lady of the Stars and her companions obligingly allowed me to come into the craft which mysteriously opened for me... In my awe I ignored the lady's friendly, 'Hi, Bessie!'

The first thing Mrs. Arthur asked was how the space ship ran, but then she hedged her bet by remarking. "But of course women are not supposed to be interested in mechanics and science, I guess."

The Lady of the Stars, who was obviously the captain of the ship, dodged the question by saying that "devout ladies were admirably equipped with a natural sense of one of the most basic and essential factors in real science-that of intuition."

But the beautiful captain did go on to explain to Bessie that the ship in which they were now flying was an observation craft that was propelled by electromagnetic power "as we would call it, but in simpler terms it is the masculine-feminine principle."

The captain agreed with her new friend that mankind was in a bad way and that "man must learn much in self-control and in being constructive before it is safe for him to travel fast and far from his own earth."

The truth of that statement was soon apparent as Bessie was permitted to look down toward the earth where she saw "dark, treacherous-looking rings around it" that made her shudder with revulsion. All of the other planets were, of course, more advanced than

Earth, except "possibly one that was the lost planet typified also by the lost tribe. Nothing is ever really lost but there needs to be sincere and earnest effort made toward attainment spiritually in order to make true progress."

It occurred to Bessie to ask why in space anyone would come to Earth when it was in such bad shape and when everywhere else was so fine.

The lady captain agreed things were a lot better on her home world where there wasn't any sickness or poverty and everyone had everything they wanted "because they are living according to the Father's Way."

Naturally that brought the conversation around to just where the spacecraft's home port was.

We come from Clarion, your earth's polarity," the captain said, and a vision of Clarion the beautiful swam through Bessie's mind.

"Clarion, Clarion, Clarion," she repeated, thinking how like a clear bell the name sounded. "Where is it? Our scientists have not told us of such a planet."

The captain then informed Bessie that they were relatives and went on to reveal the location of her beautiful home world. "Clarion is on the other side of the sun." The trip from Clarion to Earth had been a simple one because traveling in space was simply a matter of conception of matter, time and space."

Man wasn't able to do such things because of a barrier around Earth which he had placed there himself because he was not a "being of spiritual righteousness."

It wasn't until then that the captain got around to answering the question as to why they had come to Crummy old Earth in the first place,

"Our reason for visiting your earth is of a two-fold nature-to experiment and to observe." It seems there were a bunch of "crafty, greedy men in a nefarious Meeting at that moment," whose plans would lead to war and a general slaughter if something wasn't done about it.

At that point, the beautiful captain burst out laughing in what seemed to Bessie a rather incongruous display of levity. But the captain had a reason for her merriment.

"I laugh," she said, "because of the ridiculous way that men think they can hide their greed and craftiness from sight-when to us it is written all over him!"

Bessie thought that over and realized it was true and that these "advanced people" could really read the hearts of mankind from any distance they chose. With great humbleness she asked another question.

"Who are you dear people?"

"We are your relatives. I am Aura Rhanes, this is Al Padgett and this is Bernard Kaiser'."

Bessie hardly heard the names of the two men because she was so thrilled by that of the captain's and its resemblance to the word *aurora borealis*. Captain Rhanes, with her usual modesty, accepted Bessie's praise of her name and then issued a warning

Bessie was not to reveal their presence until the people of earth were ready for such revelations and she was not to tell anyone what she had seen because one man who had had ended up in an asylum.

After assuring their earth relative that they would always be in contact the crew of the Clarion shio set her back down on the beach where her son was still playing and took off about their business.

And so, like Truman Bethurum after her (or before her if we take into account who published his story first). Bessie Arthur met the famous Captain Aura Rhanes. Now I'd be the last person to cast doubt on the authenticity of this story, but it does pose some problems.

As we mention elsewhere. Captain Rhanes seems to be in doubt as to exactly where Clarion is located. Is it beyond the moon or beyond the sun? She has told various stories to various people. Is the beautiful captain confused in her navigation? Does that account for the fact that she's been wandering around Earth from 1937 to 1966? Is she simply trying to find her way home?

Also, as I've wondered in another section of this book, is it possible to copyright one's space contacts ? Apparently not because neither Mr. Bethurum who wrote about her first nor Mrs. Arthur who met Captain Rhanes first have made any effort to do so. And already other Johnny-come-latelys in the contact world are seeing her and delivering messages from her. But I know what I'll do if I ever meet her. If she's half as beautiful as everybody says, I'll copyright her and then no one else will be able to contact her ever again.

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST AND THE SPACE PEOPLE

George H. Williamson is interesting as a contactee mainly because he attained a much higher level of education than the others and has written more liter ally then they. Williamson and his wife both hold degrees in anthropology, and his books, *The Saucer's Speak* and *Other Tongues Other Flesh* reflect that fact. The books, however, have been called "...an enormous catch-all into which everything and anything has been hurriedly and helter-skelter thrown. Here are Old Testament myths, Fortean icefalls, pyramidology.

the international bankers, the symbolism of gems, the Kabbala, the griffon, Einstein...Moslem legends, Babylonian rituals, Greek myths, Yoga, the..."

To the best of my knowledge, Williamson has not personally ridden in any spaceship, but he has carried out intensive communication with space beings by means of automatic writing, Ouija board and telepathy. He was one of the six witnesses who watched through binoculars as George Adamski had his first meeting with a Venusian.

Williamson's contacts are Nan-9 of Neptune, Zoof Neptune, Zas of Uranus, and Sadat, Universal Record Keeper, among others. One of the things they have revealed to Williamson is that earth has two moons instead of the one our scientists tell us about. The second moon is called Fowser and is a "dark moon" that can't be seen from Earth. Some of these contacts have pictured a complex and widespread civilization in space. Kadar Lacu, who describes himself as a "mere youth-of several hundred years," is the head of Interplanetary Council Circle. He was elected to that position by voters from "the Universe."

It might be thought that record keeping would be a problem in so extensive a civilization, but the task of Sadat, the Universal Record Keeper, is made easier by the fact that all thoughts are—all thoughts of all beings, mind you—recorded in the Temple of Records on the planet Hatoon that circles a star in Andromeda. How about that for thought control? What a weapon that would be for a dictator!

Communications throughout this galaxy-wide civilization is maintained by saucers which are known to the space people as Crystal Bells, and a universal language called Solex Mal is spoken by all men. All men, that is, except Terrans. Poor Earth, as in all contact stories, is away behind the rest of the universe. It has even forgotten its "mother tongue," Solex Mal.

Despite the fact that they all speak the same language, Williamson says there are differences in space people. He says there are the following types of extra-terrestrials dashing around Earth: Wanderers, Migrants, Prophets, Harvesters, Agents and Intruders. Supposedly, the Intruders are the only dangerous ones. (They come from Orion which is an area of "evil.") So if you run into an Intruder one night at the bowling alley, it might be best to ignore him. The others are all okay, according to Williamson, but I wonder about those Harvesters... what are they harvesting? Charles Fort had a theory about space creatures who harvested crops of human beings!

THE STRANGE MR. WHEELER

The press room of the Los Angeles Hall of Records seems like an odd place to encounter an extra terrestrial but that may be what happened to a *Los Angeles Times* reporter who writes under the name of Mortimer Bane. One afternoon in June 1953, the newsman looked up from his desk to see two strange looking men approaching him.

One of the men introduced himself as Mr. Wheeler and then said, "We thought you might be interested to know that we just came from our spaceship. It's parked out in the desert near Barstow."

That should make a neat little story. Tell me more," Bane said, noticing that while Wheeler's English was good, it had a vaguely stilted sound to it.

Wheeler explained that he was from Venus and had learned English by listening to Earth radio programs.

"If you're from Venus as you say, you'll have no trouble at all getting your story in the paper. But why the rush? Must you announce your arrival ? Aren't you on a secret mission to study us earthlings?"

The two Venusians then admitted that they needed money to get by on Earth and hoped the *Times* might be persuaded to pay them for their story. They were

Bane told them the paper didn't pay for news. Then he suggested that they go on radio or give lectures at one of the universities if they were for real.

Convinced by then that he was the victim of a practical joke engineered by a friend who was addicted to such things, Bane baited Wheeler.

"If you really are from Venus, you must be different from us earthlings. Show me something. Are you stronger than we are ?"

Without saying a word, Wheeler reached out and ran his thumbnail along the oak trim on the desk, leaving a deep gash such as a knife might have made.

Impressed with this demonstration, Bane asked what Wheeler and his friend were doing on Earth.

"We've been assigned to conduct a study into Earth biology, specifically to find out if the women of Earth can be impregnated by Venusians."

During a second visit to the press room, Mr. Wheeler revealed that Venus was extremely hot but not too much so to support life. The people of that planet eat as Earth people do but the nourishment was distributed as "food milk" through the body tissues rather than by the clumsy arterial system."

Mr. Wheeler also told Bane that Venus was covered by an atmosphere heavy in carbon dioxide but that its people were able to convert this into oxygen in the same way that plants on Earth do.

When challenged to give further proof of his uniqueness, Mr. Wheeler again did his

thumb trick but this time he used a piece of steel and left it marked as he had the desk. Bane was still convinced that the whole thing was somehow a hoax but when Wheeler again said he was in need of money, the reporter agreed to help him get work. He called a friend in the Public Defender's office and arranged for Wheeler to get a job there. Assigned the task of finding missing witnesses, Wheeler proved to be quite a surprise. He was such a whiz at it, in fact, that Bane's friend became convinced the man was what he claimed to be.

Bane, however, came up with a scheme to have Wheeler arrested, fingerprinted and stripped for a physical examination. The friend was against it, warning that Wheeler was "uncanny" and would know ahead of time if they tried such a thing. Bane stuck to his guns and started making arrangements to either confirm or disprove the "Venusian" story. Three days later when the plan was to be put into operation, there was no Wheeler. He had disappeared as suddenly and as strangely as he had arrived.

Bane is still puzzled by the incident because he has never been able to discover who could have engineered a practical joke of such magnitude or why. A practical joker eventually comes forward to claim credit for his feat, but in the fourteen years since Mr. Wheeler appeared and disappeared so mysteriously, no such joker has shown up.

There is one possible explanation of the whole business. It presented itself shortly after Mr. Wheeler's disappearance. Word of the story got around and a number of people began to ask questions about it. One of these persons was a gentleman named Silas Newton whom Bane called a kind of leg man for author Frank Scully," who wrote a book about flying saucers. Newton talked Bane into making an appearance at a meeting of people interested in saucers, which was to be held at a Beverly Boulevard church. Bane went to the meeting but refused to speak because he disliked the overall tone of it.

He might not have attended the meeting at all if he had known a little more about Silas Newton. As we shall see in a later chapter, Newton was considerably more than a "leg man" for Frank Scully. He was probably the world's champion creator of "little green men" and other such unearthly items in the history of the saucer movement. A Mr. Wheeler might not have been past his abilities to create. The possible motive for such a creation will become clear to the reader when we delve farther into the adventures of Mr. Newton.

ELARY WILLSIE

Elary Willsie is a Los Angeles contactee who has proven his stories by taking a lie detector test before thousands of gaping television viewers. Willsie's stories need proving because he has not only traveled extensively throughout the Solar system but in time as well.

On March 13, 1965, Willsie made a round trip to Mars, Venus and Clarion and topped it off with a trip to the Inner Earth. This feat was particularly noteworthy due to the fact that all this took only one day.

Willsie has many friends among the space people and he communicates with them by means of telepathy. His closest friend is probably Renton of Alpha Cen-, tauri, a sort of medium between the "little green men" of some contactees and the blonde giants of others. Renton is a compact four feet tall but a hell of a fellow all the same. After inviting Willsie on a Cook's tour of the solar system, he went to the trouble of sending his own black Rolls Royce limousine complete with nattily uniformed chauffeur, to pick him up. Exactly where Renton keeps that limousine in his saucer isn't clear in the reports I've received but there it was, big as life. Mr. Willsie was then driven to Griffith Park (of all places where a small two seated scout ship picked him up and whisked him into Space where it, in turn, was picked up by the mother ship loafing along 75 miles up.

The joy ride began with the big saucer scudding past the far side of the moon and disproving in one quick survey all the photographs the American and Soviet cameras have taken. Mr. Willsie saw no rugged landscapes or craters but streams, trees and breathable air in the gullies. Most of the cities, however, seem to be underground.

With the mystery of the moon's dark side solved, the ship made short work of the thirty-five million or so miles to Mars and was soon swinging in past that planet's two homemade moons. Deimos and Phobos, it seems, were constructed to help stabilize Mars' axis (I don't know why it is but, according to the contactees, the axis of every planet in this system is very unstable. Without two stabilizing moons, Earth is always threatening to turn over in a disaster that undoubtedly would do us all in.)

At any rate, in a few seconds Mr. Willsie and friends were coming in for a landing at one of the giant spaceports that make Mars one of the busiest planets in the system. As they set down, Willsie was able to get a good view of the intricate canal system with its sparkling blue water which is carried to the teeming cities of Mars. After landing, Willsie was driven into town by his friend (not in a Rolls Royce this time but in a "four-wheeled, free-energy powered auto.")

Oddly enough, almost the first person our adventurer met on Mars was a fellow California contactee. This man and his family had moved there some time before, at the invitation of the Martians.

Willsie spent two hours inspecting the wonders of the red planet and then, with a tight schedule to follow, they started back to Earth. On the way they skipped past Clarion which, you will recall, is always on the other side of the sun from the earth. This would seem to indicate that Mars was also on the other side of the sun at this time, making the distance they covered considerably more than thirty-five million miles each way. But perhaps I'm jumping to conclusions as Clarion has a disconcerting habit of moving around the solar system.

After admiring the beauty of Clarion's "trees, rivers, lakes and oceans," the intrepid travelers sped on to Venus and drove through its thick cloud cover which with sparkling originality is referred to by the Venusians as "the mist."

Venus is a planet without snow or ice but with vast oceans and a tropical countryside. The warm climate does not, however, seem to have made the people languid because they have built one of the really superior civilizations in the system. During his short visit, Mr. Willsie again rode in one of those Snazzy free-energy push-button autos. (It would be interesting to know who has the dealership for these babies. His profit must be at the mega-buck level because they seem to be available on all planets except poor backward old Earth.)

After getting a quick peek at anti-grav sleds, floating cargo platforms, saucers and Venusians using personal flying belts, Willsie was off again into space. The trip back to Earth took forty-five minutes which is pretty good speed in anybody's book.

One might think that most travelers would be ready to go home by now, but not our hero. Instead, he and his friends made their way into the center of the earth through "one of the small funnel-shaped openings in the ice near the North Pole."

Willsie discovered that, as predicted in the scientific studies of Edgar Rice Burroughs, the interior of the earth has its own stationary sun. He soon found, however, that Burroughs had gotten the name of the place wrong. It wasn't Pelucidar but "elderland."

He and the pilot of the ship were informed of this by a disembodied voice which welcomed them and hoped they would enjoy their sight-seeing trip over the "rivers, lakes, forests and oceans of Inner Earth." One would think that after seeing the rivers, lakes, forests and oceans of Clarion and Venus that those of "Elderland" would be something of a let down, but they had some interesting variation to offer.

"While flying, they waved to people about 10 feet tall and observed herds of buffalo, shaggy elephants.

Kodiak bears, and flocks of the supposedly extinct passenger pigeons." Unfortunately they weren't able to visit Agharta which is farther south. If they had, they might have seen the dinosaurs that still roam there.

But there was only time to zip back to Griffith Park and be chauffeured home in the old Rolls Royce. Elary didn't want to miss dinner, and he had been away nine hours already.

Some other day when he hasn't so much to do, we'll have to get Elary Willsie to tell us about his trip in time. I understand that one of his space buddies, Lideo, treated him to such a trip, taking him back 100 years to Los Angeles in 1863. While there, Elary had a long talk with Judge Augustine Olvera. Yes, we really should have him tell us about that some time.

JOE SIMONTON

Have you heard the one about the spaceship and the pancakes? Well, Joe Simonton not only heard it, he told it. It seems Joe saw this flying saucer and the crew invited him in for breakfast and they had pancakes frying on the griddle and...well, this is somewhat how it happened:

Joe was in his home in Eagle River, Wisconsin, on April 18, 1961 when it happened.

"Before I saw it, I heard this terrible swirling noise above my house. At first I thought the whole house was going to blow away," Joe says.

*Then I walked over to the window and saw this saucer come straight down, vertically. I ran out real quick then.

The saucer landed in Joe's backyard and he dashed toward it.

"Then the hatch opened and a man in a black suit nearly five feet tall, got out. I never saw anything like it.

"He had this water jug and he gestured to me to give him some water, so I did. When I went over I got a look inside and saw the other men. They didn't say anything to me, but I pointed to the pancakes by the instrument panel and they gave me a few.

*Then the first man got inside and the saucer took off again with such a whoosh that nearby pine trees were bowed over."

According to Joe, the saucer was silver-colored and instead of actually landing, hovered over the ground. He estimated it as being about 12 feet by 30, and it was black inside. Two seconds after it took off it was out of sight.

Air Force investigators arrived on the scene soon enough after Joe's experience to receive part of one of his pancakes and another was sent to the National Investigators

Committee for Aerial Phenomena. Reportedly the NICAP didn't get around to its analysis of the pancake in time and it was last believed to be in a Washington, D.C. refrigerator where it was becoming very moldy.

However, a more serious view of Joe's story was taken by the Project Blue Book investigators after they had talked to Joe and those who knew him. Dr. H. Allen Hynek, the U.S. Air Forces Scientific Consultant on UFO's who personally interviewed Joe was impressed.

"The only serious flaw in the story is the disappearance of the craft in two seconds,' or even a 'few seconds.' The rest of the story did not contain anything outrageous to physical concepts."

Hynek also said Joe appeared quite sincere and that "...he did not appear to be the perpetrator of a hoax. In talking to Mr. Simonton one did not get the impression that he was an Adamski type. He answered questions directly, did not contradict himself, insisted on the facts being exactly as he stated and refused to accept embellishments Or modifications. He stated he was sure that we wouldn't believe him but that he didn't care whether he was believed. He stated simply that this happened and that was that. He stated also that at no time did the men appear in any way to threaten him.

"It was established that he is not a reader of books and probably did not have any preconceived notions as to UFO's...."

Joe's friends were also convinced of his sincerity. He had lived in Eagle River for 30 years and is a member of the Chamber of Commerce. The county sheriff told reporters that. Joe really believes everything he says and he isn't a drinking man. He talks sensibly.

County Judge Frank Carter also backed Joe's story. He told investigators that Joe must have seen the "saucernauts" because there just wasn't any way in which he could gain by perpetrating a hoax of that sort. The judge himself, however, was looked upon with some suspicion by investigators because he was interested in flying saucers and was known as a stage magician, ventriloquist and hypnotist.

Then the pancake samples were analyzed by the Food and Drug Administration and in the Physics Laboratory of the Materials Central at Wright Patterson Air Base near Dayton, Ohio. Their conclusions were as follows:

"Microscopic analysis shows the presence of fat, starch, buckwheat hulls, wheat bran and soybean hulls. The material appears to be a portion of an ordinary pancake made predominantly of buckwheat. Bacteriological examination and measurement of radioactivity have results which were consistent with the view that the article is an ordinary pancake of terrestrial origin."

If there were spacemen in Joe's backyard, they must have been health food addicts. Wheat bran and soybean hulls in pancakes indeed!

The Air Force Investigator still did not feel that Joe was conducting a hoax and assumed that if the pancakes were of terrestrial origin then someone else must have baked them and palmed them off on him.

A possible explanation appeared in a letter sent to Project Bluebook by James W. Moseley, editor of *Saucer News*:

"My reason for writing now is to inform you about a new aspect of the Joe Simonton 'space pancake case-an aspect which you may or may not be familiar with. Slightly different versions of the same story are given in the July 1962 issue of Ray Palmer's 'Flying Saucers' and the September 1961 issue of the 'Aerial Phenomena Research Organization Bulletin.'

"In essence, the story is that an Eagle River real estate broker hypnotized Mr. Simonton and had him repeat a set story about the 'space contact' until he knew it by heart. This was allegedly done as a publicity stunt, so that Joe Simonton could entertain people with the story at a miniature Disneyland that is or was being built in the area.

"If Joe Simonton was hypnotized and provided with the pancakes as "physical evidence of his experience, this would not be inconsistent with your Air Force conclusion that he sincerely believes his story, even though the experience did not happen to him."

The Air Force did not buy Mr. Moseley's theory, but with a sure eye for the least likely explanation which they were to show in many of these cases, came to the conclusion that Mr. Simonton had simply suffered from a hallucination.

That sounds like an excellent theory except for one thing the pancakes. Does the Air Force believe that in the midst of his hallucination he was also whipping up a batch of pancakes?

That would seem to leave Mr. Moseley's theory as the leading one, but I have one of my own to offer. Suppose...just suppose...that there were three space men zipping around the earth in the latest model saucer and they ran out of food the same way they ran out of water. What would they do? Well, maybe they'd just stroll into the nearest health food store and, using sign language, buy some earthside buckwheat hulls, wheat bran and soybean hulls and whip up a batch of pancakes, which when analyzed by the Air Force would lead to the conclusion that they were 'an ordinary pancake of terrestrial origin.

None of this worried Joe Simonton because he still feels it was just the way he told it.

"I don't care what anybody else believes. I just know what I saw. If it happened again, I don't think I'd tell anybody about it."

YOUNG DOCTOR SUTHER

The Associated Flying Saucer Clubs of America's convention of 1961 was considerably enlivened by the appearance of a young gentleman who had been designated by the space people to launch a new "children's Crusade" to save mankind from its evil ways. Dr. Rev. William Suther, described as a "dynamic and surprisingly confident" 16-year-old boy from Chicago, was chosen by beings from the ultra-violent universe to lead the children of the world in an attempt to undo the mess the grown-ups had made of things. Suther, who refused to be called Bill, insisted that his title of Dr. Rev. was genuine and pointed out to his audience that since adults had done so poorly, the young could hardly do worse. Besides, he had the space people's word for it that he was superior to all those listening to him. Many of these seemed to agree, but to this date the new children's crusade has not been launched-perhaps because by now Dr. Rev. William Suther is undoubtedly an adult himself.

MARTIAN RABBIT-CAT

Its name is Mika and it is a darling little beastie who has been coming all the way from Mars to play with Daryle Nieman ever since that lady was six or seven. Mika is a female rabbit-cat and is just one of the many space friends the twenty-two year old Miss Nieman cultivates. Another off-worlder she has known for years is Saloma, a beautiful, brown-eyed Martian bombshell who could probably win any Miss Universe contest she cared to enter.

SONYA LYUBEIN This is a young lady from Australia who may be destined to take the place of the late Gloria Lee Byrd as the interpreter of the sexual theories of space beings. She has learned, she says, through "personal experience" that extra-terrestrials are much more active and learned in the bedroom arts than are humans. Some of this experience was picked up from a being named Orthon whom Sonya met in 1956. Poor old Earth! It can't even keep up its reputation as the leading den of sexuality in the solar system. Ah Sodom! Ah, Gomorrah! It's too bad you caught those H-Bombs so long ago! You might have at least saved our reputation for sinfulness!

3 SAUCER, SAUCER IN THE NIGHT

GREETINGS TO YOU, THE PEOPLE OF EARTH.

I am known among my people by the name of Korton. I am from the planet which you call Mars, but which in our language is called Maswar. I am in charge of a communications network, which relays information from our planet, either directly or by means of relaying it through our spacecraft, which your people have named flying saucers. I wish to introduce to your people another, who is called Voltra. Voltra is from the planet which you call Venus. One moment."

There is a pause and then another voice begins to instruct and advise the poor benighted inhabitants of the planet which is known to us as Earth but which is probably called something else by the space people,

The voice from Maswar and elsewhere have been coming to Dick Miller of the Solar Cross Foundation since 1954. At first they were received through Miller's vocal cords but later they were picked up in

2 more direct way which was described in the Paul Coates column in the *Los Angeles Mirror* of May 7, 1956.

"They told the people in the room," Coates' informant told him, "to put a brand new tape, unopened, on the table. Then they were told to stand back four feet for one minute.

"And then they put the tape on the machine, the record was all there. And now they're for sale by a nonprofit company. The Martians don't believe in profits."

Whether the Martians believe in profits or not, the tapes are being sold, and the price list reads something like this:

1-a To Men of Earth 1-b

Monka and Merku Speak

Voltra \$6.50

Monka and Merku

2-a Earthman Come Home

2-b Maldek, The Lost Planet

Hatonn Monka \$6.50

3-a Mars, the Red Planet

3-b Solar Government

Monka Sutko 6.50

17-a Life and Death 17-b Universal Vibration

7.50

Monka

Esu & Monka 7.50

18-a A Solar Tour 18-b A Galactic Tour

Monka Hatonn

These tapes are available from the Solar Cross Foundation which was founded by Dick Miller and Harry "Gayne" Myers, a retired Hollywood high school teacher. Mr. Miller and Mr. Myers state that the foundation is non-profit and that their sole object is to distribute the word from space to mankind.

Some of the ideas contained in the messages can be gained from a transcription of Voltra of Venus that was included in the July-August 1959 issues of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America World Report, published by Gabriel Green.

Voltra starts out by assuming the people of Earth are wondering why the space people have been hanging around and goes on to tell us in remarks that he promises to make "readily understandable by your language concepts."

The atomic bomb is, of course, one reason for the visits. The people of space are worried about such a powerful weapon in the hands of beings who, by their standards, are obviously incapable of handling it.

Another reason was stated succinctly by the great Venusian as follows:

"Shortly due to outside Cosmic influences which are upsetting even at this moment your planet's natural axis, there are going to be rather severe topographical changes in your geography. Certain land areas are going to be covered by water. Certain areas which are now covered by water will be uncovered, and be land areas. At this time also, if by our means we are not able to prevent it, your earth will change its north and south poles, or, as you have a means of expressing it, flip on its axis. This, of course, will result in complete catastrophe. The surface of your planet's civilization, as you now

know it, would be completely demolished..."

Voltra then goes on to tell about the peachy keen conditions in the rest of the galaxy in contrast to messy old Earth with its tottering axis. (The reader will remember that, according to Elary Willsie, Mars had a wobbling axis problem which they solved with a couple of homemade moons. This might work for Earth too. Maybe, if the space people approve, we could set it up as a planet-wide WPA project.)

The various galaxies are run by an organization called the Universal Confederation. Each member of the U.C. is allowed perfect freedom as long as "...its ultimate efforts are aimed at the service it can render to those about it who need it. We have certain regulations to abide by, much in the same manner as you have certain laws. These regulations we have in a book-yes, we have books also we have in a book containing the galactic pax, which in actuality is a record book containing these regulations."

The civilizations of the galaxies aren't all on the same level, however. That of Venus is only five thousand years ahead of Earth while the really advanced cats who hang out on Procyon are half a billion years ahead.

Voltra is quite broadminded about it. He doesn't look down his nose at the poor savages of Earth like so many space people do.

"This, people of Earth, does not entitle us to become egotistical in dealing with your people, because after all, given the same educational advancements, the same knowledge, you are entirely as intelligent as we. We have only the advantage of a more advanced educational means.

This is encouraging, at least it is to me. After all, it's better to be a kind of cosmic high school dropout from the other side of the tracks than to be a low brow who couldn't learn even if he had the chance, isn't it?

Voltra tells us that we are always being watched from space. Not, of course, out of any evil motives but just in the spirit of neighborliness. In fact, the space people are so neighborly that they have millions of their ships within 10,000 miles of Earth. This isn't hard to believe when Voltra explains there are some five hundred million ships available in our solar system alone. Under these circumstances, Voltra can well say, as he does, that "...we really have only a few ships concerned with your immediate problem."

Some space people, he tells us, aren't so friendly. There are indeed some who do not have our best interests at heart. There are certain planets and there are galaxies which contain people which we could term hostile, and of course, in view of their activities, we feel you would call in a like manner."

Voltra says that as soon as we get things straightened around down here, the good

space guys are going to land and extend the hand and he does mean hand, science fiction fans, not claw of friendship. The space people are no different than us, only better, and they are completely altruistic.

"We ask nothing of you in return, only that we be friends. We wish to exchange with you information...I would mention also that we have not at any time committed an overt act of aggression toward your people.

"We have not deliberately caused any accidental crash, or committed any happenings which could be construed as destructive. We wish you to know this, that is why we are stating it.

After that encouraging, if somewhat overemphasized assurance, Voltra takes his leave of us. "I extend to all of you, you who are the people of Earth, our greetings. I am Voltra. Adonai, Vassu, my brothers.'

And Adnoai, Vassu to you too, Voltra, and to all the other good space people out there keeping an eye on us, and a thumb of our collective noses to the bad space people who might drop by some time.

AIRPORT IN THE DESERT

George Van Tassel is the operator of the famous Giant Rock Airport where more space conventions have been held and more UFO's have flitted over than any place else in the world.

Mr. Van Tassel's first contact with beings from another world occurred one night when he and his wife were sleeping out in the desert. An old boy in a ski suit came strolling up and roused George from his slumbers. He said his name was Solganda and asked if George would like to see the inside of a spaceship.

George must have an exceptionally good disposition because instead of telling the old boy to go chase himself and quit waking people up in the middle of the night, he accompanied him to where, sure enough, there was a flying saucer hanging overhead. The two men were lifted into the thing by an "anti-gravitation stream" and George was given a guided tour of the interior. He observed two silent pilots and the ship's propulsion system which turned out to be composed of "counter-wheeling rotors."

After that George was lowered back to earth and has since written several books. The title of the first volume, *1 Rode In A Flying Saucer!*. he admits is something of an exaggeration since he didn't actually ride in a flying saucer, technically speaking. He was only shown through one while it was hanging stationary. While lacking in quick trips to Mars, Venus and Clar ion, the book has other virtues. It contains 52 messages

received at Giant Rock Airport between January 6, 1952 and March 20, 1953. These messages arrived while Mr. Van Tassel "was in attunement with the Vibratory frequency of the communicating intelligence and... unaware of his audience."

The book claims communications from such individuals as "lutbunn, senior in command, first wave, planet patrol, realms of Schare"; "Singba, regional fleet authority for the entire 45th projection, all waves, realms of Schare" and others.

The saucers according to these gentlemen are called "ventlas" rather than Crystal Bells or Admiral's Scows as other contactees have reported. However, these space people give the same benevolent reasons for hanging around Earth as the others do. They're only keeping a friendly eye on us poor stupid jerks down here. Here is a message relayed through George that tells us about it:

"Hail in love and peace, I am Ashtar, commandant Vela quadra sector, station Schare. You have just heard the authority granted by Schonling, Lord Gord of the third dimensional sector, for our authority to take corrective measures. We are creating a Light energy vortice near the planet Shan (Earth) in an effort to stabilize your planet. This effort requires the combined forces of 86 projections, 9100 waves, of 236,000 ventlas. Needless to say this vortice is going to create extensive damage to counteract the unbalance man has created on Shan."

In other words, the world was tottering on its axis all the way back in February 1953 which is when this message was received. But seemingly all that effort (86 projections, 9100 waves, of 236,000 ventlas) didn't do any good because, as we've seen, the Earth was still in axis trouble when Voltra began sending messages through Dick Miller much later. Apparently even Ashtar, Commandant Vela quadra sector, station Schare, isn't perfect when it comes to straightening up a wobbling axis.

Van Tassel's first book was followed by several others, one of which, *Into This Work and Out Again*, was dedicated to the space people.

"This book is dedicated to the people from other life levels in space. The 4th density center of the Quadra-Sector, Blaau, the Council of Twelve Lords in our solar system. The Council of Seven Lights on Shancae. The Space Station Schare (Share-ee) and all its complement of guardians. Also the active participants in the reception of this information at the College of Universal Wisdom."

Now that seems to me to do a pretty good job of buttering up all one's friends in one fell swoop.

A summary of the type of information George Van Tassel has been getting from these oddly named and ranked people might be appropriate at this time. Some of it is rather surprising, to say the least.

For instance, Jesus came from space. He volunteered to be born on earth in order to help its struggling masses. And his mother Mary also volunteered. Her task was to become pregnant and let herself be landed on earth in a flying saucer which, as you've probably guessed, was reported by the local characters as the Star of Bethlehem.

Nor was Jesus the only leader sent from space to help mankind. Many of our governmental and scientific figures are space beings but their minds have been "blanked" so that they aren't aware of their true identity. The suggestion that the minds of high level government officials have been "blanked" might possibly account for the condition the planet is in, but we wouldn't want to say that for sure unless someone in a flying saucer confirmed it.

In addition to his outer space acquaintances, George Van Tassel has a direct line to another route—the inner space people, those who live inside the earth.

"Contrary to the opinions expressed by our scientists, the center of our planet consists of a sun," Van Tassel tells us. "This sun, as the core, rotated in the opposite direction to the moving crust."

Under this subterranean sun, the little people live, love and multiply. How does George Van Tassel know? Because the saucers tell him, naturally!

He also knows the speed of light far exceeds the 186,000 miles per second that Earth's retarded scientists assume it to be. In fact, it varies from 202,000 to 388,000 miles per second as the whini strikes it.

Mr. Van Tassel is the founder of the College of Universal Wisdom, and has been reported to be working on a "rejuvenation machine." He also maintains landing facilities at Great Rock for any saucers that happen to be passing and from time to time conducts conventions there so that the contactees and their disciples can get together and impress each other with references to "my last trip to Venus" or "when I was on Mars, we did things differently."

GABRIEL GREEN FOR PRESIDENT!

If it hadn't been for Gabriel Green, Richard Nixon might have been elected President of the United States in 1960. Nixon blamed his defeat on prejudiced news paper reporters and dirty politics, but the truth may lie deeper than that. It may be that the space people, like a great many American voters, took one look at Dick and decided he wasn't the kind of man they'd buy a used car from, much less elect President. So the space people threw their votes to Jack Kennedy. Considering the thousands of Martians and Venusians who are wandering our streets, that shift of votes could have been just about enough to carry the closely contested election.

Of course, that wasn't the way it was originally intended. The first choice of the space people for President was Gabriel Green, president of the Flying Saucer Clubs of America, Inc. Gabriel knew they wanted him because they personally asked him to run and although it was a little late in the campaign, he came out swinging with a platform that would be hard for voters to resist.

Progress instead of Prattle Principles instead of Personalities Results instead of Promises Solutions instead of Stalemates Survival instead of Annihilation Peace instead of Pieces

Those were a few of his specific programs as pro claimed in his literature during the election. He could also offer the following promises from outer space:

-Government by moral and universal law rather than by military expediency and special interest.

-Competition for the minds of men with new ideas instead of bombs and bullets.

—Every man a rich man tomorrow in relation to his effective purchasing power today.

-The true Stairway to the Stars instead of missile fizzles and launching pad blues.

But despite all this, the campaign somehow just didn't catch on. Gabriel talked it over with the space people and a decision was made. Since the American public wasn't yet ready for a Space Age President, the off-worlders had to make a second choice. They picked John Fitzgerald Kennedy, and Gabriel Green made the announcement on the eve of the election, throwing his votes to the Democratic candidate.

And that was when the space debris hit the fan. It seems that some of the space people had been talking with forked tongues, or out of the sides of their mouths or something, because several contactees immediately claimed they hadn't said Kennedy was their choice.

Wiyne S. Aho of Washington Saucer Intelligence got off a hot letter to Gabriel Green and so did a spokesman for Understanding, Inc. Aho was particularly upset because he said Green had asked his Opinion and then ignored it.

"The Space Age Program...must, by all means, be kept truthful and representative... Your decision is not representative.

"You wrote me...asking what information I had from space visitors regarding a winning candidate and who the space visitors would support. My answer... clearly indicated advanced intelligences visiting earth do not name candidates for whom we should vote."

But then Aho went on to admit that they weren't quite that non-partisan in this particular campaign.

"I did say that my information (from space visitors) indicates Vice President Richard M. Nixon may become a man of destiny for America."

This is all pretty puzzling. Is it possible the space "people couldn't make up their minds, or were Green

and Aho talking to different people in different spaces? Are there Democratic and Republican space people, or...?

Oh well, on such small differences of opinion the destinies of great nations hang!

4 THIRTY-FOUR LITTLE MEN

TEPHE LITTLE MEN WERE TINY CREATURES,
from 38 to 44 inches long and had the same
physical characteristics as we, except they did not have beards."

An unnamed, mysterious scientist was addressing an overflow audience in a University of Colorado classroom, and the listeners were being amazed by revelations that, if true, were the most important in the history of mankind.

"They were not midgets. They were perfectly developed. They wore 1890 dress, of cloth that was not wool or cotton but which couldn't be torn. Some of those who saw them told me that they wore shoes of a material that resembled human skin.

The first saucer which landed contained sixteen men who had been burned a dark brown, apparently because one of the nine-inch portholes had been broken.

"It was a fortunate thing the porthole was broken," the scientist continued. He was a short, compact man in conservative clothing, looked to be about sixty and had an easy command of scientific jargon. "By means of a long pole, the invisible magnetic doors in the thing were opened. A small knob with a smaller knob affixed to it was jabbed and the invisible door flew open.

The second ship which landed came down unharmed. But when its two operators tried

to get out, they must have been killed by the change in the atmosphere from that of their own planet. They were found as they died, one at the door, the other slumped over the control board of the pilot's seat."

The scientist revealed that the first saucer had crashed near Aztec, New Mexico, and the second near Durango, Colorado. The landing spot of the third ship was not identified.

Then the listeners gasped as the "scientist" went on to describe the landing of still a fourth ship. Members of "his group," he said, had stumbled onto it near a government proving ground. The ship was empty when they first found it, and they immediately hurried off to their car to get a camera and other equipment. But as they returned to the site of the ship, they saw several little men running toward it. The speaker and his party pursued them, but the little men were too fast. They scrambled into the saucer and it took off without a sound and in a few minutes was out of sight.

According to Frank Scully in his book *Behind the Flying Saucers*, the "scientist then filled in details about the ships and their occupants. He was very good at this. Without giving the names of the government scientists from whom he had obtained his information but hinting at the importance of the work they were doing in "magnetism," he kept his listeners hanging on every word.

The scientists, he said, had come to the conclusion that the saucers definitely didn't come from any part of the earth, but they couldn't say absolutely where they had come from. Their hypothesis was that they were from the planet Venus.

These men also had been unable to state exactly what the composition of the two metals used in construction of the ship was. They had, however, found instruments which they believed had been used for measuring lines of magnetic force. Since they were working on magnetism themselves, they were able to get some ideas from the alien devices. They were convinced, the speaker said, that the ship's propulsion system was magnetic and could probably drive them at speeds approaching that of light.

The first disc was 99.9 feet in diameter and had a cabin 72 inches in height. The second ship measured 72 feet in diameter, and the third, 36 feet. Naturally the fourth one, the one that got away, hadn't been measured but that was hardly necessary since it was obvious that all the aliens' measurements were based on a "system of nines."

The discs," he explained, "had revolving rings of metal, in the center of which were the cabins. The cabins were geared to the discs, which revolved around the stabilized cabins. The gears, which had no lubrication, were of a gear ratio unfamiliar to our engineer's. He thought they might have traveled by using the magnetic lines of force known to encircle planets of our solar system."

From its appearance, the researchers assumed that the first saucer was capable of maneuvering in any given direction. Like helicopters, which these ships were not, they could be maneuvered to land anywhere. The smallest had a landing gear built like a tricycle of three metal balls which could revolve in any direction.

Then, according to Scully, the mystery man went on to tell more about the "little men."

"Sixteen men, ranging in ages, he would guess, from thirty-five to forty years old, if we use our calendar of time, were taken dead from the first Craft. Their bodies had been charred to a dark brown color.

"Sixteen dead men were also found in the second craft. These, however, had not suffered from burns apparently, and were all of fair complexion. Otherwise they were like the first space travelers-of small stature. No different from us, except for height, and lack of beards. Some had a fine growth resembling peach fuzz and none had any cavities in their teeth.

"The third ship was also manned but the men in it were also dead. This one, a small saucer, 36 feet in diameter. had a crew of only two. These men had lived to land, because they had died while attempting to climb out of their cabin."

The ships had not crashed but had landed by themselves even after the crews of at least two of them were already dead. In addition to having instruments that permitted uncontrolled landing, the ships had control panels that were a "series of push buttons and they had been built without the use of rivets, bolts or screws. The metal of the hull looked like aluminum but even the application of heat up to 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit had failed to penetrate it.

The nameless speaker speculated that the main problem the aliens had had to conquer before traveling from Venus to Earth was that both planets were magnetically positive and therefore would "repel each other."

Then he explained why he thought the saucers had crashed. There were, he said, faults in magnetic lines. One of these he happened to know lay near Aztec, New Mexico and others were near the other crash sites. It was known that the aliens had sent a "whole armada of saucers to explore the Durango area" to discover what had happened to their ships. He was able to prove this statement with clippings from newspapers reporting numerous sightings in that area.

The mystery man emphasized that the alien ships were no menace. They carried no weapons but it might be possible that they could use their control of magnetic forces for defense if attacked.

At the conclusion of the lecture, which took about 50 minutes, there was to be a short question and answer session, but this was suddenly interrupted by the man who had

brought the stranger to the university. He was George T. Koehler, a staff member of radio station KMYR. He arose suddenly and exclaimed:

"Great Scott, we have to get out of here! You have only twenty minutes to catch your plane!"

With that, Koehler and the mystery man departed, leaving the audience in a buzz of excitement. According to Scully, two hours later Air Force Intelligence officers arrived on the scene and began to question everyone,

The first thing the investigators wanted to know was what was the man's name. Nobody quite knew. One freshman remembered he had been referred to as "Great Scott" just before he and Koehler took off.

A faculty member recalled introducing him to another as "Mr. Sears" and being corrected but he couldn't remember what the man said his name was.

* "I think he said it was Newton or maybe that he was a friend of Newton."

"You mean the Mayor of Denver ?

The witnesses were definite that the speaker hadn't been the Mayor of Denver but they didn't know who he was, and his full name wasn't revealed until Frank Scully, a columnist for *Variety*, wrote his book *Behind the Flying Saucers*.

"...the man was Silas Mason Newton, president of the Newton Oil Company, amateur golf champion of Colorado of 1942, graduate of Baylor University and Yale, who did postgraduate work at the University of Berlin, a man who never made more than \$25,000,000 nor lost more than \$20,000,000, the rediscoverer of the Rangely oil field, patron of the arts, and man of the world generally. In brief, a man of substance as well as science, as American as apple pie."

According to Scully, Mr. Newton had obtained most of his information about the Venusian landings from a certain government scientist named "Dr. Gee" who was engaged in work on magnetism. Dr. Gee was the inventor of a magnetic screen that could dispel fog, rain and darkness when fitted to the windshield of an airplane, and was working on a magnetic disintegrator.

Scully's book sold very well and was taken seriously by a great many people, but there were doubters. J.P. Cahn of the *San Francisco Chronicle* was one of those doubters, and on assignment for his paper and for *Tre* magazine, he set out to find out if there was any truth to Newton's lecture.

He discovered that Newton and Scully were old friends and that Newton had given Scully most of the ideas for *Behind the Flying Saucers*. Scully seemed to believe in what he had written but admitted he had no first hand information. In an interview with Newton, Cahn was able to get hold of one of several small metal discs that Newton

claimed were particles of a saucer. It was shipped to a laboratory at Stanford University and analyzed.

Cahn's article in the September 1952 issue of *The* told what they found.

"Newton's precious unknown metal that Dr. Gee had supposedly taken from a crashed flying saucer, the same that had refused to melt in Dr. Gee's laboratory at 10,000 degrees, melted quite nicely at Stanford Research Institute at just 657 degrees, Fahrenheit.

"It was plain old aluminum, 99.5 percent pure, a quality commercially described as grade 2S and used in the manufacture of nothing more cosmic than pots and pans.

Cahn was also able to discover that Newton was often in telephonic communication with a man named Leo A. GeBauer who owned a television parts supply house in Phoenix, Arizona. This struck him as a likely candidate for the mysterious Dr. Gee and he interviewed him but was unable to obtain an admission that he was indeed the scientist referred to in Scully's book, Scully, however, finally admitted that this was so.

Cahn then discovered that Newton wasn't quite what he seemed to be. He had been arrested several times on charges of playing confidence games but had never been convicted. The Newton Oil Company turned out to be nothing but two empty offices. Newton had not rediscovered the Rangely oil field but was remembered by those who had as a devotee of hunting for oil with a "doodlebug," described as "...one of those black boxes with a lot of dials on it that nobody ever gets to look inside of..

After this evidence had been examined, Cahn came to the conclusion that the whole thing had been a hoax on the part of Newton, and Scully had been taken in by it. He did not at that time explain the reason for the hoax

In an article entitled *Flying Saucer Swindlers*, published in the August 1956 issue of *7we*, Cahn revealed the real reason for the whole mysterious business. Silas M. Newton and Leo A. Gebauer had used the little men in the saucers as a method of getting publicity for their "doodlebugging" operations. The newspaper articles and the book by Scully had been shown to various parties as "proof" of their theories about magnetic devices that could be used to discover oil underground. Some \$400,000 was supposedly raised from investors by this means. Newton and GeBauer were indicted and convicted of fraud but were permitted to remain free on the promise to make restitution.

Scully, who had been an innocent victim of the hoax, was haunted by it to his dying day, but his book *Behind the Flying Saucers* is still a lively seller at second hand book stores that specialize in such literature.

5 DIVORCE: SPACE STYLE

AURA RHANES, CAPTAIN OF AN ADMIRAL'S SCOW from the planet Clarion, is the first

extra-terrestrial to become involved in an Earth divorce suit. She was named by Mrs. Truman Bethurum as correspondent in her suit for divorce from Truman, and although the judge must have

the divorce was granted in Los Angeles in 1956.

The events leading up to this started on July 7, 1952. Truman Bethurum, who was fifty-seven at the time and has been described as a large, rugged looking man with a mild and pleasant manner, was working as a semi-skilled laborer on a highway project. His crew was working on Highway 91 in Nevada, about 70 miles out of Las Vegas.

Truman had recently been transferred from day shift to night and his duties were to keep four water trucks operating for sprinkling the highway construction. On reporting for duty that particular evening, he was told by some of the other workmen that the entire top of a nearby mesa was covered with sea shells and must once have been part of an ocean bed.

Mr. Bethurum, who says he had never been interested in the occult and thought people who claimed to have seen flying saucers were really seeing nothing but searchlights reflected on clouds, was interested but skeptical.

"I didn't believe it," he told *Los Angeles Examiner* columnist Stan Delaplane in May of 1955, "but my wife collects seashells, so I asked the boss if it would be all right if I went up and looked. He said all right so I took an Army Dodge truck."

After searching the mesa with a flashlight and not finding any seashells, Mr. Bethurum decided to take a nap in the cab of the truck. This is how he tells what happened then, as quoted from a letter he wrote to Max B. Miller.

I had been asleep possibly a half hour or slightly more when I was rudely awakened by what would best be described as mumbling-low talking in an unintelligible tongue. My first thought was that my boss and someone were playing a trick because of finding me asleep. But as I raised my head I quickly discovered this was not the case. About eight small sized men were in a semi-circle in front and to the right of my truck, approximately eight to ten feet away, and apparently as curious as I was."

Mr. Bethurum had about sixty dollars on him and he told Stan Delaplane he thought robbery might be their objective.

"When I say small, I mean about five feet. I was kinda scared. I thought they was after

my wallet. Well, one of them stepped up and spoke to me in a foreign language. I shook my head and he said, 'You. name it.'

"My God," Bethurum said, "You speak English too?"

"We have no difficulty with any language," the stranger said.

"Well, I thought I'd get out and see what they were doing and get out of there," Bethurum said. "They were dressed something like our Greyhound bus

JAN HUDSON

drivers. Bluish-colored pants with cuffs on them but no stripes down the side of them. Kind of cowboy jackets. Some had caps on, some didn't. They were olive complexioned and had dark hair. The ones without caps had wavy hair."

At this point Bethurum still felt that the men might intend him harm but decided to make a gesture

of friendship by offering to shake hands.

As he got out of the truck, he saw for the first time that a flying saucer was hovering nearby.

"As I turned to get out I saw about 75 yards away a monstrous disc-shaped flying saucer. About 300 feet in diameter" and roughly 18 feet deep. Then I wondered for a split second if it could be a movie prop, but as I had been above (on the mesa) only a short time before I realized this could not be the case."

Hiding his surprise, Bethurum held out his hand, and the little men lined up in a military manner to shake hands, one after the other. No, not to really shake hands. All they actually did was reach out and touch his palm. For some reason this seems to have rearoused his suspicions because he told Stan Delaplane:

"I thought, what is this, a Russian bunch or what? I knew they wasn't Russians but I thought Russia had trained a special crew to come over here and fool us."

Bethurum asked the little men if they had a captain.

Sure," one of them said. "Could I speak to him, please?" Bethurum asked.

"Surest thing you know," the little men replied, speaking in what Bethurum said was perfect English with a "kind of Midwest accent."

In spite of the accent, Bethurum then asked if they came from a foreign country.

"No," the leader said. "Our homes are in a far away land."

When he had asked about speaking to their captain, Bethurum had noticed a little snicker run down their line, and now as they took him by the arms and started to lead

him toward the saucer, he remembers thinking to himself, "This is the end. No one will ever know what happened to me."

With surprising strength, the little men led him up a ramp into the saucer.

"We are taking you to speak to our captain in our SCOW," one of them told Bethurum.

What a mume for a thing like that, Bethurum thought, looking around at the saucer.

The men led him through a door-like opening into a room about 10 by 12 feet with a red davenport on two sides and a big flattop desk in the center.

"There was a woman sitting on the davenport beside some filing cabinets. She immediately stood up. She had a red skirt on and black blouse. The red reflected the light. She was also dark-eyed and dark haired. You never laid eyes on a more beautiful woman. She had a black beret with red trim."

In one account Mr. Bethurum reportedly said he thought the woman was about twenty-six, but his personal letter to Max B. Miller mentions 42 years old. At any rate, she had a faultless complexion and she was slender and of a radiantly healthy appearance. She had the same olive coloring as her crew and was somewhat shorter than they.

Bethurum was quite taken with this vision of beauty but embarrassed because he was still in his mechanic's uniform. Also, as he told Delaplane, he was still not sure if he wasn't being held hostage by some foreign power. Naturally, under these circumstances, he was somewhat tongue-tied.

After a moment or so of silence, the lady smiled at him and said, "You asked to see me, friend, Speak up, you're not hexed.

"What nationality are you?" Bethurum asked. "Are you Russians ?

"No," the woman said. "We travel interplanetary.."

Interplanetary?" Bethurum said unbelievably.

"We are not of Earth," she replied. But do not be afraid. No harm will come to you. Be relaxed and sit down."

She indicated a place on the divan next to her and after some hesitation, Bethurum seated himself beside her.

"Now," she said, "what do you want to know?"

Thus encouraged, Bethurum began asking questions and the lady answered some of them while ignoring others.

The people of Earth are, of course, very backward. They have many lessons to learn. The people of space are willing to help them but Earth people are not ready. Her people wanted nothing from Earth, she assured him, and would not harm its inhabitants. They would only do what they could about educating them.

Bethurum was still uneasy in the lady's presence, wondering if he wasn't just imagining

her. She seemed to sense his feelings.

"I am as real as you are. Take hold of my arm," she said, and as he hesitated, insisted. "Do not be afraid. Take hold of my arm."

"I then examined her arm," Bethurum said. "It was of slightly more solid flesh than that of a seasoned athlete, but it was warm and smooth in texture. It was in every respect equal to very healthy human flesh with the feel of muscle and bone beneath."

Then the little man who had brought him to the woman's cabin reappeared and escorted Bethurum out of the ship but not before he had been promised they would meet again.

As soon as Bethurum was on the ground and at a safe distance, the ship took off and disappeared "so fast that I could hardly see it go."

Bethurum made up his mind not to tell anybody about his meeting since he thought people might doubt his word. But he had no sooner returned to his job than his boss approached him.

"Did Joe's plane come down over there where you were, out of gas?" he asked.

"No," Bethurum said, realizing the man must have seen the lights of the saucer.

"Did a commercial airliner land out there near you?" the boss asked.

"No."

"I could see something come down out there and there was no noise." The boss was irritated by then, "Now if it wasn't Joe's plane, what was it?"

Bethurum finally broke down and told him the truth. From then on, he reports, the other men on the job began to look at him strangely.

As they had promised, the saucer Crew did return, and Bethurum had some eleven meetings with them between 1952 and 1959.

On the second meeting, the lady revealed that her name was Captain Aura Rhanes. She spelled the name out for Bethurum and told him it was pronounced "Rains." She and her friends came from the planet Clarion, and on that planet there were no "jails, hospitals, crime, sickness or squabbling over money." Anyone who takes a notion to can leave their money lying in the street and it will still be there when they go back for it. People are born, get married and presumably die, although the latter is not discussed. The planet has beautiful oceans and rivers and forests like those of Earth.

Clarion is not one of the known planets of the solar system. It has never been discovered by Earth scientists because it is on the "other side of the moon." (See accounts of Clarion in other chapters that cast doubt on the exact position of this planet in the system.)

During his meetings with her, Bethurum learned much about Captain Aura Rhanes. She is a telepath and what might be called a teletypist. While sitting in her office on the

scow, she is able to type on a typewriter in the next room, and in French at that.

One such letter reproduced in Bethurum's book, *Aboard a Flying Soucer*, led a critic to remark, "Aura needs a new machine, and refresher courses in both typing and in French-there are too many mistakes in both."

But that remark is rather unfair. To paraphrase Dr. Samuel Johnson, it isn't so remarkable that Aura couldn't do a good job of typing from one room to another, but it is remarkable that she could do it at all.

Captain Rhanes is no solemn-faced space philosopher, either. Bethurum tells us that although she "uses perfect and high-level English," she can also "hit the ordinary plane."

She also fancied herself as a poet and several of her efforts are quoted in Bethurum's book. However, they fail to impress many readers, and the same critic who didn't care for the captain's typing has called her Verses doggerel.

In addition to her other accomplishments, Captain Rhanes is also an outdoor girl. "I like to read and ride and swim and fish in lakes and rivers. I like to dress up and dance. But housework gives me shivers," she told Bethurum.

At one time, Aura and Truman planned a visit to her home planet.

"It sure sounds like Heaven to me," Bethurum said when the lady suggested that he get together with five other men for the trip. No women were to be taken this time for reasons the captain didn't explain. She handed him a list of the five who were to go, and he noted that one of them was a certain "Father John."

"He is well known in your town," Aura said. "And in cape and gown perhaps he will lead us all in a mass or two, and will join with orations and songs to enlighten my crew."

Here the good captain shows something less than familiarity with Roman Catholicism, but perhaps on Clarion they do not look to Rome for spiritual leadership.

The trip to Clarion didn't come off, however, and Aura had to come up with another idea. She broached it in November of 1955 when she visited Bethurum astrally. She wanted him to get some friends together and collect money to buy a good sized section of land. There he was to establish a "Sanctuary of Thought, a place of brotherly love and peace.

This may have been about the time that the trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Bethurum began, because he told Stan Delaplane that his wife didn't care for the letters he wrote her telling of his trysts with the captain.

"You're just trying to make me jealous with all that talk about that woman captain. I'm not coming up to that hot desert no matter what you say," Mrs. Bethurum wrote back.

After the divorce which was obtained the following year, Bethurum apparently *moved* to

Arizona where he succeeded in buying land as Aura suggested and in setting up his «Sanctuary of Thought to teach others her wisdom. When last heard from, Truman Bethurum was promoting at least three "spiritual books" he had written, and was available for "readings, analyses and appraisals."

His business card gives the reader a glimpse of his current activities:

Construction Engineer

Analytical Research

Author of Books on Extraterrestrial Beings and Travel

"Aboard a Flying Saucer" \$3.00

"Voice of the Planet Clarion" \$1.25

"Facing Reality" \$5.00

Reader, Analyst and Appraiser of Unseen Human Vibrations TRUMAN BETHURUM

P.O. Box 1028

Prescott, Arizona The Earth Holds No Secrets From Those Who Know

Appraisal by Special Appointment Only

6 CREATURES OF OTHER DAYS

ONE OF THE CLEAREST CONTACT REPORTS and the best description of alien beings ever produced was that of a man named Ezekiel. This took place sometime around 600 B.C. and can be found in a book called the Bible.

"And I looked, and, behold, a whirlwind came out of the north, a great cloud, and a fire infolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber out of the midst of the fire.

Also out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures. And this was their appearance; they had the likeness of a man.

And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings.

And their feet were straight feet; and the sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot; and they sparkled like the colour of burnished brass.

And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides; and they four had their faces and their wings.

Their wings were joined one to another: they turned not when they went; they went every one straight forward,

As for the likeness of their faces, they four the face of a man, and the face of a lion, on the right side: and they four had the face of an ox on the left side; they four also had the face of an eagle. Thus were their faces; and their wings were stretched upward; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies.

And they went every one straight forward: whither the spirit was to go, they went; and they turned not when they went.

As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire, and like the appearance of lamps: it went up and down among the living creatures; and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning.

And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning.

Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces.

The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl: and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel.

When they went, they went upon their four sides; and they turned not when they went.

As for their rings, they were so high that they were dreadful: and their rings were full of eyes round about them four.

And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them; and when the living creatures were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up."

Surely these creatures from the whirlwind were odder and more alien-sounding than any Professor Adamski or Truman Bethurum ever dreamed up. but the description of the flying saucers in which they left the earth match closely those of saucers that have been seen in Twentieth century skies.

Another report of what must have been contact with a being from Space was contained in a Medieval manuscript and took place in Lynn, England.

MEDIEVAL CLOUD SHIPS

It was a Saint's Day, and one of those mornings for which England is noted, morning so

misty that it "made a sort of twilight amid the gross and watery Vapours." High mass had been held at the Church of Saint Nicholas as usual, and now the townspeople and farmers were streaming out the door, sniffing at the fresh, wet smell of the earth.

The priest stood outside the church admonishing some of the younger blades about their too frequent trips to the local alehouse. As he turned to accept a basket of eggs, the tithe of a widow, a shout went up from some boys who had been among the first to rush out when services were over.

Father...father!" they shouted as they ran toward him.

"What is it, boys?" the priest asked. "Must you be so noisy?"

But, father," one of them said breathlessly. "there's a ship's anchor caught on that old tomb in the corner of the churchyard."

A ship's anchor with a rope going up into the sky!" another boy added.

"Now, now, boys. When was the last time you came to confession?" the priest asked.

"Ship's anchor and ropes in the sky. indeed

"But we saw it...we saw it!" the boys insisted. "Come, see for yourself, father. We are not lying.

Peter the blacksmith is there, and he saw it too."

Convinced of the boys' sincerity by the tone of their voices, the priest lifted his robe to clear the damp grass and hurried after them into the section of the churchyard where the nobility and landowners of the area were buried in tombs. As he walked through the heavy, soaking mist, he saw a crowd of his parishioners staring at something on one of the large, stone tombs. He pushed his way through them, murmuring assurances to the obviously frightened people. Then he saw what they were staring at and stopped dead in his tracks. It was a large, iron ship's anchor, and stretching upward from it into the mist was a cable which moved as though something or someone up above was pulling on it.

A cloud ship...a cloud ship," one of the men said. "Listen, father, and you can hear the people on it talking...away up there."

The priest had heard of cloud ships before. They had been seen all over Europe for the past several years. Reputedly, they floated high above the earth and were seen moving through the clouds. He had also heard the tale the Bishop Abobard of Byons had recorded years earlier of three men and a woman from such a ship whom he had rescued from a mob. From these four strange people, the Bishop reported learning that they had come from a place called Magonia and had lost their ship in an accident which

had killed all their comrades. A strange story, truly, but a story backed by the word of a Bishop was not to be doubted. And, of course, there were other tales, stories of knives and other objects falling from the skies. A knife had fallen out of the blue through the roof window of a house in Bristol. And now here was this strange thing. right here in Lynn before his own church door.

as the man had suggested, the priest did hear shouts coming from above as the high-flying mariners struggled to free the anchor of their ship from its position on the tomb.

"What does it mean, father?" someone asked. "What is happening?"

"Do not be alarmed," he tried to calm them. "Whatever it is, it is God's will. If there are people in the sky, God wants them there, and we must accept it."

"Look!" a woman shrieked, pointing upward, and a gasp went up from the crowd. Directly above them, just beginning to appear through the mist, was the figure of a man coming down the cable hand over hand.

"It is God's will," the priest repeated softly, rubbing unbelieving eyes. "But how can such things be?"

"He is coming down to free the anchor," Peter the smith said. They couldn't work it loose by pulling at it so they've sent a man down free it."

Surely the blacksmith was right because now the stranger loomed directly over their heads, and they all could see him plainly. For a moment. the people of Lynn were frozen with astonishment, and then the more timid of them began to edge away. Finally the women and children broke and ran back to the church, but the priest, the blacksmith and several husky peasants remained, watching as the man landed feet first on top of the tomb and began to tug at the anchor.

"Seize him!" one of the men yelled. "We'll find out if he's man or demon, Stand by to exorcise him, father!"

Before the priest could interfere, the men grabbed the stranger and after a brief struggle bore him to the ground.

"We've got him, father!" a peasant shouted excitedly. "Send somebody for the holy water. We've captured the demon from the sky."

"Let him go," the priest said. "He is no demon. He looks to be a man just as we are."

The stranger was still struggling, but all of a sudden his strength seemed to give way and !

ed to give way and he began choking and gasping for breath. They all wa bewildered, and in a few minutes the man from the

sky was dead.

...he gave up the ghost, stifled by the breath of our gross air as a shipwrecked mariner is stifled in the sea," wrote the chronicler Gervase of Tilbury. "Moreover his fellows above, judging him to be lost, cut the cable after an hour's wait and sailed away into the sky."

Gervase goes on to tell that he had seen the anchor himself, the same anchor the people of the village had found caught on the tomb. The villagers had taken it down and worked it into the door of their church to commemorate the strange visit.

The cloud ships of the Middle Ages were a mystery almost as great as the flying saucers of our time. All that Gervase of Tilbury and Archbishop Agobard tell us of them is that they were seen in the sky and were known not to be of supernatural nature since there were men aboard them.

A strange story but surely no stranger than those we hear every day from our contemporary contactees. The oddest part of this Medieval contact story is that it seems to be more accurate than some present day tales. The way the man from the sky strangled in our atmosphere suggest what might really happen to a being from another planet who landed on our earth without a spacesuit. .

I wonder what a man from the Middle Ages would call an Unidentified Flying Object? Maybe he would say it was a Cloud Ship. It doesn't take too much imagination to translate this story into modern terms. Ships were the only thing the Bishop and Gervase had to compare the strange sightings to. The anchor and cable were obviously carried over from the ship concept. The most interesting touch is their saying the man strangled in the air of earth, because at that time people knew nothing of outer space or of the possibility that there were other planets and other races. Gervase couldn't possibly have known that a being from another planet would strangle in our atmosphere unless he had talked to the people who had seen it happen!

ST. JAMES PARK UFO-DECEMBER 16, 1742

A gentleman member of the British Royal Society was on his way home one evening, passing through St. James Park on London, when he saw something that made his eyes bulge and caused him to send an immediate report to the Society. That report was quoted in an article by Harold J. Wilkins in *Fate* magazine.

"A sudden light rose from behind the trees and houses to the south and west, which at first I thought was a rocket of large size. But when it rose 20 degrees (above the skyline) it moved parallel to the horizon with an undulating motion. It went on in the direction of north to east. It seemed very near but its motion was slow. A light flame was turned backward by the resistance the air made to its passage. From one end, the strange object emitted a bright glare and fire like that of burning charcoal. The end was like a frame made of bars of iron. It was quite opaque to my sight. At one point on the longitudinal frame, or cylinder, issued a train of light more bright at one point, on the rod or frame, than it was at the end, where it gradually became fainter, so that it was transparent for more than half its length. The head of this strange object seemed about half a degree in diameter, and the tail three degrees in length."

This, of course, is not a contact report which is what this book is about, but how often does one hear of flying saucers in St. James Park or find them reported by fellows of the British Royal Society?

THE DENTON FAMILY DDLY ENOUGH, LONG BEFORE THERE WERE flying saucers, spaceships or even airplanes, a talented family of Wellesley, Massachusetts, was able to visit both Venus and Mars with regularity. They accomplished this without the bother of launching pads and without waiting for a friendly UFO to swoop down and pick them up. The method they used was called psychometry which is defined as a method of "reading the history of an object by the vibrations which the psychometrist feels as he holds the object in his hand."

William Denton and his family never held Mars or Venus in their hands, but they managed to "read" them just the same, and during the period between 1866 and 1870, they made several space trips.

As Denton told it, the first contact was established by his son Sherman in 1866.

We were in the orchard in the evening after supper," Denton wrote, "Venus shone like a young moon in the western sky and I said to Sherman, 'look at that star; and then shut your eyes and tell me what you see,

Venus was apparently giving out very strong "readings" over the millions of miles of

space between itself and Earth, because almost immediately Sherman became tuned in.

"Sherman described trees, animals that were half fish and half muskrat, and water that was heavy but not wet. This was the first of a number of experiments in outer space, achieved by choosing the object, then closing the eyes."

Other trips were taken later. Denton would tell the members of his family to read the planets by 'going into space as far as they could.'

Sherman made it to Mars on another trip (not the LSD variety, one hopes) and reported back some amazing facts about the red planet. The people there were almost duplicates of their brothers on earth but quite a bit more advanced (aren't they always?). On Mars, pedestrian traffic was solved by the use of fly-cycles that lifted people above the streets. Other flying machines carried up to thirty persons. and aluminum was used widely for the fly cycles and other aerial vehicles, for building materials and for cooking utensils.

Denton pointed out the advantages of psychometry over the ordinary telescope in this way:

"The labor of a working-man's lifetime would hardly buy a first-class telescope and when bought. he could but faintly discern the outlines of land and water on planetas distant as Mars. Tens of thousands possess telescopes as much better than that as sunshine is brighter than candlelight: all they need is knowledge of their own powers, and a little instruction in the way to make use of them. With these telescopes they can not only see the outlines of land and water. but they can see water, rocks, plants. homes and people, and watch these people as they follow their daily avocations."

"A telescope," he wrote. "only enables us to see: but the spiritual faculties enable their possessors to hear, smell. taste, and feel, and become for the time being, almost inhabitants of the planet they are examining."

Denton did not feel this was a one-way street. The Martians, he contended, had also been studying mankind and had started to "read" us as intelligent beings in the early 1800's.

"I believe we can in time learn to hold communication with them. Perhaps they are psychometers!" Denton told the world.

AN INHABITANT OF THE PLANET MARS

The 1860's seem to have been particularly good years for contacts with space people, because another story appeared in newspapers throughout France in - June, 1864. It was entitled An Inhabitant of the Planet Mars, and the setting once again was the United

States.

The story related how a certain "rich landowner" named Sir Paxton had, like a certain other gentleman in another famous saucer story, been interested in the search for oil. His workers (without a doodlebug) located some interesting geological formations. A distinguished geologist from Pittsburgh, who went by the name of M. Davis, insisted that the formations be explored. After fifteen days of digging, they uncovered what appeared to be a huge meteorite.

A scientific committee arrived (with much greater alacrity than is shown today in UFO cases) and immediately ordered a hole drilled in the meteorite. When this was done, it was discovered that the meteorite was hollow. Sir Paxton's son John and M. Davis entered the hole, returning pale and shaken to report that they had found a metallic floor inside. Some time later the floor was removed and "the two gentlemen, accompanied by a certain M. Murchison" made their way inside to discover a cabin area in which there was the mummified corpse of a man four feet tall. The creature was hairless and instead of a head had a sort of trunk on his forehead. It had very long arms and a tiny mouth. The skull was opened by a surgeon and the brain turned out to be triangular (?). Seemingly the only other item of interest in the cabin was a map of the solar system with Mars very clearly marked as the take off point of the rock-like saucer.

The story was later labeled a hoax, and the scientific journal *L'Annee Scientifique* printed a long expose of it. One cannot help but wonder if that other well-known oil man and landowner, Silas M. Newton, didn't come across this story and carry it over to his own little green men hoax.

FLYING SAUCER FLAP 1890 STYLE

The year 1965 has been referred to as the "Big Year for flying saucers. I submit that the years 1896 and 1897 were almost as big for both sightings and contacts. The only difference was that in those days people didn't call what they saw "flying saucers." They referred to them as "flying machines" which, as we know, had not then been perfected.

The first sightings were in California and were described in the Fall 1958 issue of *The Feather River Territorial* by editor James Wm. Lenhoff, Mr. Lenhoff dug the story out of old files of the *San Francisco Call, Examiner and Chronicle*.

It all began on November 18th when hundreds of Sacramento citizens made the first sighting. Mr. Lenhoff describes what happened:

"...hundreds of citizens of Sacramento saw a dark object in the sky with a huge and powerful searchlight which cast a bright ray upon the ground. The time was between 6:30 and 7:30 p.m.. and several persons said they heard voices singing and observed

the vessel moved slowly and with a rocking motion. Apparently the ship was cigar-shaped with four large wings that were worked by compressed air. The body of the ship was supposedly made of aluminum and a powerful searchlight on front and bottom was produced from electricity. No one really got a good look at the ship, however, since the great light obscured their view.

A score of citizens watched with incredulity as the ship hovered over the golden dome of the State Capitol, then rose swiftly and headed south toward San Francisco.

"The following Monday evening downtown Oakland was tossed into a complete traffic jam when buggies, street cars and pedestrians came to an abrupt stand still as the 'monster of the air' swooped over the city, casting its bright light upon the buildings, then departed toward the bay."

The mystery object apparently crossed directly over to San Francisco because it was observed there the same night,

"...the citizens of San Francisco scrambled to the windows and roof-tops as the phenomenon drifted over their city. Mayor Sutro confirmed the story himself by stating that the object was observed by his entire household moving in from the ocean toward his manor which was on Sutro Heights. When it got over Seal Rock it played the searchlight on the seals and they dove into the surf, making all sorts of frantic noises. It flew over the Heights and a few moments later was seen near Twin Peaks, where cable cars slammed on their brakes as passengers piled into the streets to better view the 'glowing giant.'" At 9:15 several citizens reported that the airship hovered over Van Ness Avenue about 400 feet off the ground, then rose high above the city and headed over the Ferry Building toward Oakland. A special meeting of the Board of Supervisors was called the next morning as riotous citizens clamored for an explanation."

Since the *San Francisco Call* had been the first newspaper to break the story it was immediately accused by its rivals, the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle*, of having hoaxed the public. Almost at once the public swarmed around the offices of the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* to declare they hadn't been hoaxed but had seen the thing with their own eyes. The man in the street was backed by the mayors of both Oakland and San Francisco so the two scoffing newspapers had second thoughts about the matter and assigned reporters to find out where the airship had come from,

Others were also hunting for the ship's home base. The United States was on the brink of war with Spain, and the government assigned investigators to discover if the Spaniards had beaten us in the race to rule the sky. The Southern Pacific Railroad, which held a monopoly on passenger and freight transportation in the state at that time, was also aroused. Private detectives were hired to track down the owners of the flying

ship and buy them off lest they compete for the transportation dollar.

A rumor circulated that a certain Dr. E.H. Benjamin, who did a little inventing as a side line to his practice of dentistry, was the inventor of the ship. Dr. Benjamin denied the story but the rumor persisted, It was said the ship had been built near Oroville on rugged Table Mountain, and detectives, reporters and government agents" swarmed over the area. A search of Table Mountain failed to produce an airship but it did produce a debunking story. R.S. Boynton, editor of the *Oroville Register* suggested that people hadn't been seeing an airship at all but only lighted balloons. He said the Portuguese settlers of the town of Cherokee often launched such balloons. They "celebrated special occasions with the ascension of large balloons with huge torches blazing from long ropes which conged beneath. These would drift down off the moun le in and float over the valley floor, usually burning out before they reached Marysville,"

Mr. Boynton thus had the honor of inventing a story that the Air Force and certain scientists were to use and re-use in later years to explain U.F.O.'s. His was the first lighted balloon explanation, the ancestor or the famous Skyhook balloon explanation that was so prevalent in the 1950's.

Unfortunately, Mr. Boynton's balloons didn't have much more validity than the Air Force's. The horde of investigators climbed up Table Mountain to Cherokee and found that the Portuguese had long ago left the area and that no one there could remember them ever having celebrated in that fashion.

And then the first "contact" report came in. W.B. Meek, a pioneer resident of Camptonville, wired the *San Francisco Examiner* that an airship had appeared over that town and landed. Five adventurous young men had made their way to the landing area and returned with a fantastic story.

"They reported talking with a man who answered their questions with alphabetical letters, since he could not hear or talk. He said the ship had come from Montezuma mountains."

By now the story had practically every element that would appear in later U.F.O. flaps. First the sightings, then the cry of hoax, then the verification by numerous witnesses followed by the "explanation" that they had only seen a lighted balloon, and finally, the contact report.

There were only two things missing. Where were the Air Force investigators and The Three Men in Black to cover the whole thing up? The Air Force wasn't in existence, of course, but a reasonably accurate facsimile of the Three Men in Black did show up in the form of government agents who threatened Dr. Benjamin's lawyer with arrest if he didn't reveal the truth about the airship.

Then the hoaxes took over. A letter announced that the airship would appear over Marysville on December 5, 1896.

"Weather permitting we expect to leave Oroville Sunday at 7 o'clock p.m., and should fly over Marysville at 7:30." The letter was signed: Northern California Air Ship Co.

The citizens of Marysville crowded their rooftops but saw nothing. The next morning, the *Marysville Democrat* carried a hilarious article claiming that the airship had been waylaid by aerial pirates and so would not show up.

It didn't, not that day or the next, and soon it became apparent that it had left California altogether because by April of 1897, it was beginning to appear Over Texas.

Clippings from papers of the day again tell the story. The following is from the *Houston Daily Post*:

"Childress, Texas, April 17-The much talked-of airship was seen here last night about 1:16 o'clock. The Rev. J.W. Smith was the first to discover the curious aerial monster.

"He thought at first that it was a shooting star, but after watching it a moment or two saw that it was not...

It soon disappeared, traveling in westerly direction. The Rev. Smith thinks that it must have been 2,000 feet high and traveling very fast."

It was traveling fast enough to be over Longview, Texas a few nights later.

"Longview, Texas, April 20-Last night about 9:30 the Post correspondent and family, on returning from church saw the so-called airship.

A bright light, seemingly about the size of Venus, moved swiftly to the northwest, disappearing beneath the horizon. In a few minutes, it reappeared. The light emitted a series of intermittent flashes, of a steel color. No car (cabin) was seen."

It has also been over another town that same day.

"Atlanta, Texas, April 19- There was considerable excitement here today, caused by a visitation last night by the mysterious airship.

"It was first seen by Jim Nelson, a farmer... His attention was attracted by a peculiar noise and, looking up, he discovered the mysterious aerial traveler.

It seemed to be descending straight to the earth with great rapidity and Mr. Nelson's hair stood out with fright...

"But within two or three hundred feet of the earth, it paused for an instant...then moved off at a rate of speed about equal to that of an ordinary passenger train."

The dispatch from Atlanta went on to say that other witnesses reported the UFO flew over the city at speeds between five and fifteen miles an hour and that while most claimed it was cigar-shaped, some said they saw wings on its sides.

The first contact reports were also from Atlanta. One citizen reported having heard someone shout from the craft, "We'll be over Greece day after tomorrow."

Another story shows that like the spacemen of the 1950's, those of the Gay Nineties couldn't help interfering in earthly matters.

"As they floated overhead," a local character reported, "they were passing out temperance literature and singing *Neurer Day God to Thee*."

The singing is interesting because it was also reported in the San Francisco sightings. There is no mention in recent contact reports of singing spacemen, so we can only conclude that, like their earthly brothers, they have given up the old custom of getting together for a sing-along.

A week later the *Houston Daily Post* reported another sighting.

"Merkel, Texas, April 26-Some parties returning from church last night noticed a heavy object dragging along with a rope attached.

"They followed it until in crossing the railroad it caught on a rail. On looking up they saw what they supposed was an airship.

"It was not near enough to get an idea of the dimensions. A light could be seen protruding from several Windows, one bright light in front like the headlight of a locomotive.

"After some 10 minutes a man was seen descending the rope; he came near enough to be plainly seen; he wore a light blue sailor suit, was small in size.

"He stopped when he discovered parties at the anchor and cut the rope below him and sailed off in the northeast direction.

"The anchor is now on exhibition at the blacksmith shop of Elliott & Miller and is attracting the attention of hundreds of people."

The attentive reader will notice the similarity of this sighting to the one that took place in Medieval England and which we dealt with at the beginning of this chapter. The only substantial difference is that this one doesn't end tragically with the air man strangling in our atmosphere. Perhaps by now the space people had developed some kind of respirator to protect them from the heavy concentration of oxygen in our air, although it is rather difficult to understand how they could sing "Nearer My God to Thee," or any thing else, through such a device.

Another UFO did come to grief in Texas, however, and the *Dallas Morning News* reported it this way:

"Aurora, Wise County, April 17-About 6 o'clock this morning the early riser of Aurora were astonished at the sudden appearance of the airship which has been sailing throughout the country..."

"It sailed directly over the public square and when it reached the north part of town, collided with the tower of Judge Proctor's windmill and went to pieces with a terrific explosion, scattering debris over several acres of ground, wrecking the windmill and water tank and destroying the judge's flower garden.

"The pilot of the ship is supposed to have been the only one aboard and while his remains are badly disfigured, enough of the original has been picked up to show that he was not an inhabitant of this world.

"Mr. T.J. Weems, the U.S. Signal Service officer at this place, an authority on astronomy, gives it as his opinion that he (the pilot) was a native of the planet Mars.

| Papers found are written in some unknown hieroglyphics... This ship was too badly wrecked to form any conclusion as to its construction or motive power...

"The town is full of people today who are viewing the wreck and gathering specimens of strange metal from the debris. The pilot's funeral will take place at noon tomorrow."

Poor little Martian, to have died so far away from his warm, red home planet! But at least in Aurora, Texas, in 1897, he was given a decent Christian burial. In this, he was luckier than those we read about in our chapter on Silas M. Newton, or the half dozen or so of his compatriots whose four and a half foot corpses supposedly lie pickled in a morgue at Wright-Patterson Field while the Air Force struggles with the problem of whether to ever tell about them or not.

While all this was going on in Texas, another UFO was making an appearance farther north. The Lone Star sightings had a humorous touch to them but the Kansas contact had a rather chilling aspect.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON OF LEROY, KANSAS

Besides bearing the name of a famous man in American history, Alexander Hamilton of LeRoy, Kansas, was a respected and truthful member of his community. He was a well-to-do farmer who had previously been a member of the Kansas House of Representatives and was well known throughout his part of the state. Several local luminaries attested to his standing by signing an affidavit in which they stated that Hamilton was staking "his sacred honor upon the truth of his story." That story, taken from a sworn statement dated April 21, 1897, goes as follows:

"Last Monday night about 10:30 we were awakened by a noise among the cattle. I arose, thinking that perhaps my bulldog was performing his pranks, but upon coming to the door saw to my utter astonishment that an airship was slowly descending upon my cow lot, about forty rods (660 feet) from the house.

"Calling my tenant, Gid Heslip, and my son Wall, we seized some axes and ran to the

corral. Meanwhile the ship had been gently descending until it was not more than thirty feet above the ground, and we came within fifty yards of it.

"It consisted of a great cigar-shaped portion, possibly three hundred feet long, with a carriage underneath. The carriage was made of glass or some other transparent substance alternating with a narrow strip of some material. It was brightly lighted within and everything was plainly visible--it was occupied by six of the strangest beings I ever saw. They were jabbering together but we could not understand a word they said.

"Every part of the vessel which was not transparent was of a dark reddish color. We stood mute with wonder and fright. Then some noise attracted their attention and they turned a light directly upon us. Immediately on catching sight of us they turned on some unknown power, and a great turbine wheel, about thirty feet in diameter, which was revolving slowly below the craft, began to buzz and the vessel rose lightly as a bird.

"When about three hundred feet above us it seemed to pause and to hover directly above a two-year-old heifer, which was bawling and jumping, apparently fast in the fence. Going to her, we found a cable about half an inch in thickness made of some red material fastened in a slip knot around her neck and going up to the vessel from the heifer tangled in the wire fence. We tried to get it off but could not, so we cut the wire loose to see the ship, heifer and all, rise slowly, disappearing in the northwest.

"We went home but I was so frightened I could not sleep. Rising early Tuesday I started out on my horse, hoping to find some trace of my cow. This I failed to do, but coming back in the evening found that Link Thomas, about three or four miles west of LeRoy, had found the hide, legs and head in his field that day. He, thinking that someone had butchered a stolen beast, had brought the hide to town for identification, but was greatly mystified in not being able to find any tracks in the soft ground. After identifying the hide by my brand, I went home. But every time I would drop to sleep I would see the cursed thing, with its big lights and hideous people. I don't know whether they are devils or angels, or what; but we all saw them, and my whole family saw the ship, and I don't want any more to do with them."

Lest anyone doubt his word, Hamilton prevailed upon a group of the leading men in the community to back him up with the following affidavit:

"As there are now, always have been, and always will be skeptics and unbelievers. whenever the truth or anything bordering on the improbably is presented, and knowing that some ignorant or suspicious people will doubt the truthfulness of the above statement, now, therefore, we, the undersigned, do hereby make the following affidavit: That we have known Alex Hamilton for 15 to 30 years and that for truth and veracity we have never heard his word questioned and that we do

verily believe his statement to be true and correct.

"E.V. Wharton, State Oil Inspector

H.H. Winter, Banker H.S. Johnson, Pharmacist Alex Stewart, Justice of Peace F.W. Butler, Druggist H.C. Rollins, Postmaster M.E. Hunt, Sheriff E.K. Kellenberser, M.D. J.H. Sticher, Attorney H. Waymire, Drusrist Jas. L. Martin, Register of Deeds

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of April, 1987--S.C. Willie, Notary Public."

Needless to say, the adventures of Alexander Hamilton and his calf made the headlines in the local press. *The Farmer's Advocate* of Yates Center, Kansas, reported it on April 23, 1897.

AIR SHIP TAKES A COW! The Thrilling Experience

Of a Woodson Stockman "Hon. Alexander Hamilton of Vernon, came to town last Wednesday (April 21st) and created quite an excitement by announcing that he had been having some experience with the much talked about airship. Mr. Hamilton is an old settler, was a member of the legislature in the early days and is known all over Woodson, Allen, Coffey and Anderson Counties."

The paper then printed Hamilton's account and the affidavit of his friends. Papers in other areas took up the story quickly. *The Kansas City Times* even versified on the subject.

AIR SHIP TAKES A CALF Swoops down like a bird of prey
Grabs the meat and gets away;
Hamilton, who owns the veal, Stands trembling by and sees the steal.

His truthfulness is past dispute Vouched for by men of good Tepute
Peruse the story; it's a beaut!

The *Colony Free Press* of May 7, 1897, had more sober thoughts about it. "The *Free Press* having turned the Nocturnal Aerial Visitor completely over in its mind is now of the opinion that the airship is not of this world, but is probably operated by a party of scientists from the planet Mars, who are out, either on a lark or a tour of inspection of the solar system in the cause of science."

That paragraph and the speculation of the Signal Service officer concerning the body of the dead creature in the Aurora crash are, as far as I've been able to discover, the only incidences of anyone attributing the sightings to the presence of off-planet craft during the whole 1897 flap.

ON TO CHICAGO

While one or more flying saucers were flitting back and forth over Texas and another was carrying off Alexander Hamilton's heifer, others were heading east and soon they were seen over Chicago. *The New York Herald* of Sunday, April 11th reported:

THAT AIR SHIP NOW AT CHICAGO CITY EXCITED BY THE APPEARANCE OF RAPIDLY MOVING LIGHTS IN THE SKY ASTRONOMERS INCREDULOUS THEY BELIEVE THAT THE LIGHTS PROCEED FROM A STAR IN THE CONSTELLATION OF ORION

(By telegraph to the *Herald*.) Chicago, Ill., April 10, 1897. For weeks despatches have been coming in from various points between here and California regarding an airship. At first no attention was paid to them, but they became so frequent that the public began to be interested. Then the airship was seen at Omaha, and proceeding eastward, was seen last night in Chicago. The general public believes in the airship theory, while the astronomers say it must be a star.

Last night Professor Hough, of the Northwestern University, turned the great Dearborn telescope toward the west and took a look at the strange visitor. The citizens who saw it said the ship displayed red and green lights, just as a vessel on the ocean would do, but the professor, after a long look, said, "Why, it must be Alpha Orionis."

"Can you read that name on the airship?" he was eagerly asked.

"Why no," replied the Professor with a laugh, "Alpha Orionis is a star of the first magnitude, and is in the constellation Orion."

(Here we have another first. Professor Hough is the first astronomer to declare that a sighting is in reality a star. Throughout the flying saucer controversy of the fifties and sixties, there were to be many more such cases.)

"But what about the red and green lights so many people have seen?" he was asked.

That," said the veteran astronomer, "must be the effect of the atmosphere, which apparently causes the star to change colour." Then he added, "I think Alpha Orionis is the only airship the people have seen, but if there be another it has disappeared long ere this."

Until two o'clock this morning thousands of amazed spectators declared that the lights seen to the north west were those of an airship or some other floating object miles above the earth, and viewed the apparent phenomenon with the deepest interest, tinged with a certain degree of awe, wonder and uneasiness.

Men of unquestioned veracity declared the moving body was an airship. Some declared

they saw two cigar-shaped object and great wings. All agree with regard to the lights. The first was white, and wonderfully resembled a searchlight. It switched from side to side, as though attempting to light up the darkness on all sides...

The italics in the preceding are mine, and for the first time show some doubt on the part of witnesses as to whether the craft was really an airship or something else less easily understood. Other reports kept coming in to the *Herald*.

That there was something" in the northern sky there is no doubt, and it was a very curious "some thing." It seemed to come from the mists of the lake, and, moving westward, was in plain sight of Chicago and Evanston.

The airship or star seems to be most irregular in its movements. At Kankakee, where the State Insane Asylum is located, it was observed, going in a northeasterly direction at 9 o'clock last night. It was apparently one thousand feet above the earth and moving very rapidly. The headlight appeared as large as an ordinary electric arc light. At one time the vessel rose very rapidly, and afterwards seemed to drop a long distance. In addition to the headlight, spectators claimed to notice smaller lights behind, indicating that the object was of considerable size. It was apparently headed toward Chicago, and traveled very rapidly."

The secretary of the Chicago Aeronautical Association inclined to think that the witnesses were seeing a real airship but he doubted some of the reports.

"Spectators have announced it as their belief that the ship was composed of steel. This was a mistake. It is paper. There is the customary inflated gas reservoir, but the inventors have discovered the secret of practical propulsion."

That the "saucer" in this case appeared to be metallic is interesting because most sighters were so convinced of the airship theory that they assumed the ship was made of fabric or, as the secretary suggested, paper. A close reading of Alexander Hamilton's affidavit, however, would tend to make one believe that what he saw was of metallic construction.

THE FIRST PICTURES

The first photographs of a flying saucer were not taken in the Twentieth century as most people have assumed but in April, 1897. *The New York Herald* was again on top of the story.

(By telegraph to the *Herald*) Chicago, Ill., April 11, 1897—The fact that the much talked of airship is a reality, and not a phantom, is apparently attested by two remarkable photographs, now in this city, which it is alleged were taken while the machine was in

motion. Walter McCann, of Rogers Park, a town 28 miles north of here, took two snapshots with his camera at what he believed to be the airship, and secured two excellent negatives. It was early in the morning, and the vessel was scudding along at a rapid rate, but the pictures he secured are very good ones.

The work of Mr. McCann dispels any thought of an optical illusion. Three witnesses assert that they saw him take the photographs, which were obtained this morning about half-past five o'clock.

Mr. McCann is a news dealer in Rogers Park, It is his custom to get up very early in the morning, particularly on Sunday to deliver the Chicago papers. In his store he has a small camera, the property of his young son. When McCann sighted the strange object in the sky, early this morning, he at once came to the conclusion it was the airship of which there had been so much talk and which had set so many people to thinking. He rushed to his store, seized the camera and secured a good picture of it. G.A. Oversocker, who was also looking at the ship suggested a second snapshot, and the result was a much better negative.

The pictures developed from these plates were tested by acids tonight, and were pronounced genuine productions of an object in the air, and not the creation of a studio. William Hoodless and E.L. Osborne, the latter an operator in the telegraph office of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Co., in Rogers Park, saw McCann and Oversocker at the hour named, and ascertained they not only witnessed the photographing of the object in the air, but saw the vessel.

The craft, according to the statement of all these witnesses, is an invention without wings or sails. All agree that the outlines of a man could also be seen. Through a glass they were of the opinion that they could see the man in motion, as though he were engaged in steering the vessel. The upper part of the ship apparently consisted of a cigar-shaped silken bag. attached to which was a lightly constructed framework. In the center of the framework the man was located. A propeller or rudder was attached to the framework, the rudder being shaped like the hull of a ship, except that it was sharp at both ends. Apparently the frame work was composed of white metal.

Mr. McCann told his story tonight at his store on Greenleaf Ave. "I had read for some days about the airship," said he, "but thought it must be a fake. This morning about half-past five o'clock I was attending to my usual duties when I saw a strange looking object in the sky coming from the south. It looked like a big cigar. It came nearer, and then I saw it was certainly not a balloon. Then I thought of the airship and ran for the camera. At the corner of Greenleaf Avenue and Market Street I took the first shot, while a few minutes later I took another further up from the railroad tracks. It was 500 or 600 feet

from me when I photographed it, and I saw it plainly. It went north a distance and then gradually turned east."

Certainly it would be difficult to find a clearer and better authenticated sighting than this one by Mr. McCann and his friends, but one wonders what happened to the two photographs. Were they printed in any of the local papers, or do they perhaps still exist in some musty drawer in a Nineteenth century home in Rhodes Park, Ill.? They would be quite a prize for a flying saucer researcher to come upon. What an addition they would make to the collections of UFO pictures that magazines like *Life* and *Look* publish from time to time!

Several days after the first photographs the UFO, or another like it, was over Greenberg, Indiana, and was observed by an astronomer. This is how the *Herald* reported what happened on April 15, 1897:

"Professor George Keelty, who obtained a good view of it from his observatory, says the searchlight is of medium power. He probably got the best view of any-- one, although he did not get into his tower until it was passing away the first time. For the last two days and nights Professor Keelty has been on constant watch for the machine, thinking it would pass over this way, but he temporarily left his post tonight when it appeared. The second time he could not see it so clearly. Owing to the darkness.

"He says the machine is about 60 feet long, the balloon being about 50 feet long, it is cigar-shaped, the car hanging about 20 feet under the balloon. The car was entirely enclosed, it being impossible to see in it, but two men were visible in the lookout. One was apparently 50 years old, with a beard, and the other young. The oldest one wore a stiff hat and the younger a cuban crushed hat. The lights would occasionally be changed from one color to another, and would some times be extinguished.

"The ship would make usually about 10 miles an hour, but on disappearing the last time it dashed off at a tremendous speed of fully 150 miles an hour. It went in a southwesterly direction."

Now how about that? A bearded man in a stiff hat, and a youth in a cuban crushed hat! The beings in this UFO sound more like those that our contactees in the fifties talk about than they do Alexander Hamilton's "strangest beings I ever saw." But perhaps there were visitors from other planets roaming over the earth in the 1890's the same as some people think there are now. After all, the little man found in Sir Paxton's meteorite and the body of the creature found in the craft which crashed at Aurora, Texas would certainly seem to represent still a third type of visitor from space.

What's to be made of the "great flat" of 1897? Dr. Donal H. Menzel, who dug up many of the clippings concerning the appearances in the Chicago area and published them in

his *Flying Saucers*, apparently made very little of them. He was convinced that they were either mistaken sightings of natural objects or outright hoaxes. But, then, Dr. Manzel is convinced that all the sightings of the fifties and sixties can be accounted for in the same way.

All that we can say for sure about the 1897 flap is that it contained all the elements of those of later years. Sightings, contacts, photographs, bodies of space creatures and a scattering of hoaxers who claimed to have ridden in the "airships". There was even one element present in the Nineteenth century that has been hard to come by in the Twentieth. Artifacts from UFO's are practically nonexistent in our time. The Air Force has made much of this fact. "If all those saucers are really flitting around up there. why haven't they ever dropped anything?" the doubters

A UFO that landed in Lynn Grove, Iowa on April 15, 1897, did just that. As startled townfolk rushed to the scene of a reported landing, the UFO took off, and as it did so, two bags of ballast were thrown out. The ballast was later put on display at the local drug store.

Yes, sir, that 1897 flap had everything! It'll be difficult for the space people to top that but they'll probably try.

7 RAPED IN A U.F.O.

CORDELIA DONOVAN IS A NEAT, ATTRACTIVE woman in her late thirties with dark hair and large, sincere brown eyes. She was born in the Middle West and Graduated from a teacher's collecē in her home state. She migrated to Los Angeles in 1958 and, after taking additional education courses at U.C.L.A., became a teacher in an elementary school in the San Fernando Valley. She is unmarried and in the last several years has developed an interest in the occult.

Like hundreds of other unmarried women who live alone in a big city, Miss Donovan seldom dates and has a rather limited social life. She is, however, unique in one respect. She is the first Earth woman to have been raped in space. She not only was

raped but held captive for six weeks in a U.F.O. and its mother ship. During that period, she claims to have been subjected to repeated sexual assaults and experiments by the all male crew of the mother ship. She is currently in the process of writing a book detailing her horrifying experiences. As yet, she has not settled on a title for the book, nor found a publisher. Tentatively, she is considering two names: *Saucers from Phobos* or *The Virgin and the Spacemen*.

Miss Donovan has been kind enough to permit me to read the completed parts of her manuscript and to quote extensively from them with the stipulation that her real identity not be revealed. Cordelia Donovan is not her real name, but the lady swears the story is true, and as we shall see in a later chapter, it does bear some resemblance to such contacts as that of Antonio Villas Boas.

This, then, is Miss Donovan's story, partly in her own words. It all started in June, 1966, in the Religion and Philosophy room of the Los Angeles Public Library. Miss Donovan was on her summer vacation and had taken to spending a few hours each day at the library because of her interest in Theosophy and the Ascended Masters of the Great White Brotherhood. So it was that on the afternoon of June 23, 1966, she was in the reading room taking notes from a copy of *The Cosmic Consciousness* by R.M. Bucke. In her own words, this is what happened:

For several hours I had been completely absorbed in the beautiful writings of Mr. Bucke. The book, though written over sixty years ago, is still far ahead of its time. It deals with the emergence of a new human faculty which will place people of the next epoch as far above us as we are above the simple consciousness of animals. But as the afternoon waned and the light began to grow dim in the reading room, I became aware of a feeling that I was being watched. Since, in recent years, I have developed some psychic ability, I have often had this feeling, but this time it was much stronger—so strong, in fact, that it frightened me.

With a strange reluctance, I looked up from my book and glanced around the room. At first I saw nothing unusual, but then as I was about to turn back to my book, I did. A man was sitting three tables away from me, and when his eyes met mine, I felt what I can only describe as a shock of recognition.

I can't explain the feeling except to say it was as though I were looking into the eyes of a being whose soul I had known in another life. The man was tall, almost elongated, with a thin face and long, blond hair that fell to his shoulders. He was wearing a white robe that reminded me of those worn by monks of various religious orders.

The Great White Brotherhood. He must be from the Great White Brotherhood. The words leaped into my mind even though I had never thought of myself as sufficiently

advanced in Truth to be honored by such a contact.

Almost instantly I shook my head, rejecting that idea. Things like that just didn't happen. Not to people like me they didn't. And not in crowded reading rooms. They happened only to great souls like Blessed Daddy Ballard and only in out of the way occult places like the slopes of Mount Shasta. .

But why was this strange man looking at me this way? Why were his odd, yellow-glowing eyes fixed so steadily on me? Those eyes that seemed to devour my body and even my soul, Nervously I reached to pull my skirt down over my knees. The skirts we wear these days are too short and always embarrass me, and even in the midst of this strange experience I wanted to make sure my thighs weren't showing. Of course, if he were really what he seemed to be, a woman's legs would be meaningless to him, but his eyes did seem to be as interested in my body as in my soul.

It was then that he got up and came toward me. For just a moment as I saw his tall figure looming against the late afternoon light from the windows, I felt a strange, almost suffocating fear. But it was gone as quickly as it had come, and as he leaned across the table, I felt that I was about to receive some great revelation,

When he spoke, his voice was low and melodious and vibrated with warmth. "I see you are one who seeks Perfection," he said with a smile that lit up his long face.

"Y-yes...yes," I said, barely able to control my voice.

"There is a path that is now open," he said. "A path to the Ascended Masters."

I opened my mouth but words refused to come. I had read so often of happenings like this, but never in my wildest dreams had I imagined that a "messenger would ever come to me.

"How... I mean, what is the path?" I finally managed to ask,

If you will come to the place indicated, the path will be revealed to you," the tall man said, and a small white card appeared in his hand. When I say appeared, I mean just that. I didn't see him reach for it; it was just suddenly there and he was holding it out to me.

I couldn't move. I wanted to reach out for the card but somehow I couldn't. The stranger must have noticed my emotional state because he smiled and laid the card on the table in front of me. Then with a barely perceptible nod, he started backing away from me.

"Wait... wait," I pleaded, half-rising in my seat and holding a hand out to him.

If you truly seek the way to Perfection, come to that address tonight at nine," he said, and then he was gone, seeming to fade away in the dimming light.

For a moment I stood there staring after him, and then the room was suddenly flooded with brightness as the librarian turned on the lights. The robed man was gone, and no

one in the crowded room looked as though they had seen anything unusual.

I shivered with excitement. Had this been a real visitation from a "messenger, or had he just been one of the characters who sometimes frequented the reading room? After all, it wasn't wholly unheard of for robed, long-haired men to walk the streets of Los Angeles, or even to visit the library.

Then I remembered the card and looked down at it. It was a plain white business card with only a few words printed on it. THE PATH TO PERFECTION INSTITUTE. Meetings at 9:00 p.m. every Tuesday and Thursday.

The address given was on Figueroa Street, and a quick glance at my wrist watch told me I had plenty of time for supper at a nearby cafeteria before going on to the meeting.

But of course I wasn't going, I told myself, I had no idea who the stranger was, and I had never heard of The Path to Perfection Institute. A woman alone couldn't just go blundering into a place like that. Goodness knew what kind of people they might be. No, I wasn't going, I repeated to myself, but found I was gripping the card tightly in one hand and thinking about Madame Blavatsky, Annie Besant, Katherine Tingley and other women who had been granted the privilege of communication with the Masters. If they had been afraid, look what the world would have missed,

I would go. I couldn't afford to pass up this opportunity to find The Path. But I wouldn't have supper as I had originally thought. It would be better to go to such a meeting after a brief period of fasting. I would simply wait here in the library and compose my mind With meditation until nine o'clock,

(Miss Donovan then goes into several pages concerning her meditations while waiting in the library, preparing herself for her encounter with the Path to Perfection Institute. While these meditations are probably of great interest to those with a taste for the occult, lack of space prevents our presenting them here. We will go on with her story as she arrives at the address given her by the mysterious stranger.)

It was dark and deserted in that particular block on Figueroa at nine o'clock at night. Many of the buildings had been condemned and were deserted, boarded up in preparation for their destruction in the urban renewal program. It was almost as though I were in a ghost town instead of in the center of one of the largest cities in the world. Only the numerous cars going by, and the roar of the heavy traffic on the nearby Harbor Freeway, assured me that I wasn't entirely alone.

The address the stranger had given me turned out to be one of the few buildings not boarded up. It was small and dingy and might once have been a candy or small grocery store, but now the windows were painted over and a small sign proclaimed it to be The Path to Perfection Institute.

Hesitating only briefly, I reached for the door handle, turned it and entered. Then I stood blinking in surprise. The lighting had been dim enough outside but in here it was even darker. There was only one light flickering at the far end of the hallway. A tingle of apprehension ran up my spine, but arming myself with the thought of how Madame Blavatsky would have acted under the circumstances, I started toward that light. Perhaps the darkness was part of the Path to Perfection, the light at the end of the corridor symbolic of Truth. I squared my shoulders and marched forward, my heels clicking loudly on the bare flooring.

Seconds later, I was standing in front of a closed door, the light shining down on me. It was just an Ordinary wooden door such as one sees every day, but somehow it suddenly seemed ominous to me, as though behind it lay some dark secret. In that moment, I almost turned and left the building. It was only the voice that prevented me.

"Welcome, Little Sister," the voice said. "Enter the Doorway to the Path to Perfection;" My hand went to the doorknob and turned it. As I stepped into the room, the door swung closed behind me. I stared around in astonishment. Instead of being in a meeting room with other people. I was alone in a tiny, unfurnished room with bare walls. Panic rose inside me, and I turned and reached for the doorknob. It wouldn't turn, and a scream built up in my throat.

Then there was a hissing sound, and I noticed pink smoke issuing from a small opening near the floor. I had been lured into some kind of trap! Wild thoughts ran through my mind, of white slayers instead of White Brotherhoods.

But then the pink smoke was swirling about me and blackness was closing in. I was drifting...drifting away...

(Miss Donovan goes on to describe how she awakened briefly to find herself in a car with three men, one of whom she recognized as the stranger from the library. She had only a brief glimpse out the window, and the car seemed to be speeding through a desert area. One of the men turned, became aware that she was awake and aimed a little glass tube at her. Pink smoke shot into her face and she lost consciousness again, not coming to this time until she felt herself being lifted from the car by two of the men. The car was parked in a rugged-looking canyon, and there was a giant flying saucer hovering overhead. Miss Donovan takes up her story from there.)

I knew then that I was not the captive of white slavers, not about to be shipped off to a life of prostitution in some South American country. but I also knew I was not in the hands of the White Brotherhood, either. The sight of the big saucer-shaped ship was terrifying, but at the same time, most reassuring. I had read books by people who had been contacted by space people and so I knew they were tremendously advanced both

scientifically and morally. For whatever reason they had carried me off, they certainly meant me no harm. Perhaps, in a way, I really was going to be shown the Path to Perfection.

As the two men carrying me approached the spot over which the saucer was hovering. I pretended to be unconscious. We were obviously in a deserted area and crying out would be useless. The best course I could follow was to remain silent and keep my mind alert.

When we were under the saucer, a door opened in its side and a ladder was lowered. The two men lifted me to their shoulders, and I felt my short skirt glide halfway up my thighs. Opening my eyes the tiniest slit. I could see the taller of my captors eyeing the white flesh above the tops of my nylons, and I wondered if their interest in me was as innocent as I had assumed. Then they were climbing up the ladder and shoving me into a small, windowless compartment. Without a word, they deposited me on the floor and withdrew down: the ladder.

I sat up as the ladder glided back into the ship and folded itself away into a recess. The hatch closed, and I was alone in the compartment. It was pitch dark at first but then a bluish light slowly filled the room. followed by a hissing sound. I looked around, expecting to see the pinkish smoke, but there was nothing visible. There was nothing visible, but suddenly I found myself gasping for breath and once more began losing consciousness.

I awakened to terror! I found myself strapped down on what seemed to be an operating table. Terrible thoughts ran through my mind. Had I fallen into the hands of vivisectionists from outer space? Was I about to become the victim of some horrible experiment?

A glance around the room confirmed my wildest fears. I was in a laboratory which was filled with machines whose purpose I couldn't begin to guess. Some of the machines were humming with power while others were quiet but had vari-colored lights flashing on and off, showing tubes of a cloudy liquid.

Then I noticed what I had on. My own clothing had been removed, and I was dressed in a white tunic-like garment that reminded me of a hospital gown. I was naked under it, and I could feel the strange fabric clinging to my breasts and thighs.

That frightened me more than anything else had. To think that while I was unconscious someone had taken off my clothes. Suppose it had been a man!

Even as the thought was running through my mind, a circular door at one end of the laboratory opened and three men entered. When I say they were men, I mean they resembled men in the sense that the Greek göds might have resembled men. They

were tall, the shortest at least six feet five, and they all had golden hair. They were bronzed as even the beach boys of Hawaii are not bronzed, and I could see rippling muscles beneath the short gray robes they wore.

One of the spacemen came toward me and bent over me. As I looked up into his handsome face and strange green eyes, I was afraid again. He wasn't looking at me as a doctor might look at a patient, certainly not as a member of the Great White Brotherhood would have. He was gazing at me as a man looks at a woman...with lust.

"Who are you?" I gasped. "Wh-what are you going to do with me?"

He ignored my words and reached out with his long, strong fingers to grip the neck of the tunic I wore. With a single movement, he ripped it off, and I lay there naked...bound and naked, with a being from outer space letting his eyes roam lustfully over my small round breasts and white thighs.

He smiled and said something in a language I couldn't understand. Then his hand reached out again and his fingers touched a breast. I quivered with terror as those fingers played across my nipples.

They were white slavers, I thought hysterically. White slavers from space! Instead of being shipped off to a house of prostitution in South America, I would be taken to its equivalent on Jupiter or Saturn or God only knew where.

I wanted to scream but the sounds wouldn't come. I couldn't move and I couldn't cry out. I could only lay there shivering as his hand moved from my breast to run lightly across my abdomen and finally to my thighs. Then I did scream, and screamed loudly, as those fingers became even more intimate and defiled me as no man had ever done before.

The blond giant seemed amused by my scream and by my desperate struggle to pull away from him. Amused, but at the same time wildly excited. The look on his face could mean only one thing. He was filled with vile lust and meant to use my body to appease it.

But then the other two spacemen were hurrying over to us, one of them pulling the first man away, and both of them remonstrating with him. At first I thought they were objecting to his obvious sexual intentions toward me, but as they continued to talk and gesture toward the machinery about us, I distinctly got the impression they were merely telling him he should wait.

He finally gave in to their arguments, and the three of them moved to a control panel near the table upon which I lay. As they pressed buttons, the machinery began to hum more loudly, and an object that looked vaguely like an x-ray machine started to descend from the ceiling toward me.

So they were vivisectionists! My worst fears were confirmed. They probably thought of

me as some kind of animal and were about to carve me up to find out what type of life existed on Earth. But no, that couldn't be. The first spaceman had definitely had rape on his mind, and whatever one might say about vivisection ists, they don't usually rape their victims. Or do they?

The big contraption was within a few inches of my bare stomach now, and I thought it would remain there to take pictures. But instead, it moved closer, and I felt it against me, cold at first and then suddenly warm, and I became aware that it was performing some kind of examination.

A few minutes later I heard what seemed to be an exclamation of pleasure from one of the spacemen, and I turned my head so that I could see them. They were standing in front of a large screen, examining with interest the picture projected there. But it wasn't like any ex-ray picture I had ever seen. It was a living, moving, interior view of a woman's sex and reproductive organs in full color. For a moment, the significance of the picture escaped me, and then I knew. Those were my organs! That was my vagina and my womb, and they were somehow being photographed and projected onto that screen in living color!

The spacemen obviously wanted to know how Earth women were constructed, and just as obviously, they had discovered I wasn't too unlike their own females. They seemed to be quite excited about it too. Why? I asked myself. If, as I believed, all they had in mind was rape, there was a much simpler way of discovering the similarities. The first of them had been about to discover the nature of my sex organs by the usual empirical methods when the other two had stopped him. Why had they discouraged him and insisted on this roundabout investigation?

The super x-ray machine or television, or whatever it was, was drawn back up into the ceiling and a robot-like contraption began to roll across the floor toward me. At the same moment, the table to which I was strapped began to move. The bottom part of it tilted upward and divided, forcing my legs apart and holding my thighs wide. The robot came closer, and I saw protuberances on it that reminded me of medical instruments. The vivisection idea leaped into my mind again, but I rejected it as the robot moved between my legs. A tube-like implement glided from it, and before I could draw a horrified breath, was inserted in me.

(At this point Miss Donovan was overcome by pain and terror. It seemed to her that the tube-like instrument was reaching clear into her womb. Then there was a horrible sensation of cold and she felt the tube being withdrawn. She became so overwrought that she fainted and did not come to for some time. Later she learned that the robot had done more than examine her. It had drawn ovum from her which had been subjected to

a splitting process unknown to Earth science. Twenty-four ova were produced by this method, and when the saucer returned to the mothership, the eggs were placed in artificial wombs. Spermatazoa from the spacemen was then introduced, conception took place and the foetus began to grow in each womb. The purpose of this experiment will be revealed as we go on. Miss Donovan continues:)

I awoke in still another compartment of the spaceship. This one seemed to be a sleeping area and had a screen on one wall upon which there presently appeared a projection of outer space with Earth hanging like a lantern against the black sky. We were rapidly heading away from the planet of my birth, and even as I watched, it seemed to grow smaller. .

Fear clutched at my heart as I sat up and looked around. I had been lying on what I assumed was a bed although, unlike our one-piece beds, it was composed of numerous pneumatic pillows that supported my body in extreme comfort. My tunic was gone and I was again dressed in my ova clothing, or at least part of it. My plain cotton bra covered my breasts, and my panties and stockings and garter belt were in place. I couldn't help but blush as I wondered who had dressed me this way. So far I hadn't seen any women on this ship.

Even as that unpleasant thought was running through my mind, a panel in the wall slid open silently, and one of the spacemen stood there holding a little black box in his hand. This was the one who had tried to vent his lust on me before, and from the look on his face, he didn't intend to be denied this time.

He stepped into the room and the panel slid shut behind him. He said something in their strange language, and when I shook my head, he held out the black box to me. Fearing another experiment, I just stared at the box, not daring to touch it. He snorted impatiently and reached out a big hand to grasp one of mine and place it on the box.

"Here, you little fool !" he growled. "Don't you understand anything?"

My eyes widened in surprise. "You're speaking English," I said. "How..."

"This is a translator. Your stupidly primitive language converts into Intergalactic through it. I am called Ragon and am the captain of this scout ship."

"Why did you bring me here? I found the courage to ask. "And what are you going to do with me?"

He laughed. "We've been without females for many of your years. We require the sexual use of your body.**

I cringed back from him, "But there's only one of me, and how many of you?"

He laughed again. "Four here in the shuttle craft and twenty more on the mother ship. All of us have been without women for longer than we like to remember."

"But... My stomach was turning over in terror and shivers were running up and down my spine. "But why did you take only one woman from Earth? You should have brought more."

"Stupid woman! Don't you know such things are not easy to arrange? We had to hire the three Earth hoodlums who kidnaped you. We had to rent the building into which you were lured and the car that brought you to us. Such things take time and money. We were lucky to find enough diamonds on Mars to finance the abduction of one woman."

"Then I am the only one? The only women for twenty-four men?" My voice had gotten very small.

"Yes," he said roughly. "We don't like it any better than you do, but we'll have to make the best of it." Then he grinned, "At least since I'm the captain, I'll have first go at you."

I screamed. I opened my mouth and screamed until I thought my heart would stop. You can't! I won't do it I'm a virgin! I've never had anything to do with a man! You can't make me!"

"Shut up, little fool !" Ragon said and his hand struck me across the face.

I went over backward onto the nest of pillows, and he moved toward me, loosening his tunic as he did so.

"No! No!" I tried to crawl away across the pillows, but he grabbed me by the foot and pulled me back,

Why do you act like such an idiot?" he demanded, kneeling with his face close to mine, big white teeth flashing in his tanned face. "Why do you struggle so to preserve something which is of no use to you until some man taught you what to do with it? The women of our Vega are not so foolish, I can tell you."

In spite of my terror, I grasped that. These men were from the planets of Vega. But that star was many light years away from our system. How could they have come so far? I didn't have time to ponder that very long because Ragon was giving me other things to think about. His big, muscular body was pressing down on mine and his hand was ripping away my bra.

"Small breasts, bah! Why did they pick a woman with such small breasts?" he muttered as he clutched at them with his strong brown fingers until the ache brought sobs to my lips. "I was hoping for one with breasts like the women on your television."

"Please...don't!" I cried. "That hurts!"

"Bah! You have no strength and no courage, you women of Earth," Ragon said. "I doubt if you'll be able to stand it on the mothership."

I screamed as he grabbed the waistband of my Dantles and ripped them away as though they had been Fossamer. No! No! No! Let me go!"

"I'll let you go when I'm through with you," he said, "And then it will be the turn of the others."

He let his loosened tunic fall to the floor, and I was staring at his golden-skinned, heavily muscled body with a mixture of loathing and admiration. In spite of my efforts to prevent it, my eyes were riveted to the part of his body that showed only too plainly how aroused he was.

(Here Miss Donovan describes in detail the genitals of the spaceman named Ragon. The young lady seemingly was overcome by both a revulsion and a fascination at the size and strength of the alien. She says she was surprised to note so few physical differences between Ragon and earthmen. She recalls that she anticipated intense pain because of the excessive length and massiveness of his organ.)

Then he was pressing down on me, and I felt the surging fury of him and the pain that it brought me. That pain was like a sharp, fiery stake being driven through me, but then it subsided slightly only to be renewed as he probed more deeply.

"Weak! Stupid, weak, little Earth woman!" he said and struck me across the face again as he began to move in great, lunging motions that caused the pain to flash all through my body. "You are nothing like our women are!"

Either the pain began to recede then or I was becoming completely insensitive to the throbbing reality of his masculinity. A kind of lassitude settled over me and then I felt my body moving slightly in response to his. I know this will be shocking to the reader, and I can only assume a sort of hypnotic spell had been placed on me and my body was forced to respond with movements that became increasingly spasmodic as his became more rapid.

Then suddenly the spaceman was cursing in what I took to be pleasure, his whole body stiffening. I was aware of a faint warmth surging through my loins, and without warning I was crying out and sobbing wildly as I relaxed against him.

For a few moments we lay with our bodies pressed tightly together. Man of Vega and woman of Earth were one in primitive embrace. Then he pushed away from me, grunted and stood up.

"Well, you were better than I expected," he said.

"And I'm sure you'll improve with a little experience."

"Experience?" I asked fearfully.

"Yes," he said, moving toward the door as he fastened his tunic. "It is time now for the others to have their turn."

He threw open the door, and the three spacemen filed in and headed toward me, lustful grins on their handsome faces. Horror welled up in me, and I welcomed the blackness

that closed over me as I fainted.

(Miss Donovan's manuscript ends here. She has indicated to me that the rest of it will concern her flight to the aliens' mothership. In reality, this turned out to be the martian moon, Phobos, which has been circulating that planet ever since its arrival in our system in 1877. Two ships had been sent out from Vega to take up orbital positions around Mars for the express purpose of establishing a colony. One carried twenty-four males in suspended animation and achieved orbit as planned, becoming what we now refer to as Phobos. The second star ship didn't reach our system until 1908. It missed its orbit and crashed into the earth near Tunguska, Siberia on June 30, 1908. The ship was completely destroyed by the explosion of its ion drive engines. Tremendous damage was inflicted over a wide area in Siberia and some of that damage may still be seen. Also destroyed were the twenty-four females who were supposed to be the mates of the twenty-four males circling Mars in Phobos. A device on board the starship was to have awakened the male Vegans upon the arrival of the second ship bearing the females. When the second ship failed to achieve orbit, the device did not function, and it took almost fifty years for the suspended animation to wear off and the males to awaken. As soon as they did, they realized from instruments aboard their ship that their prospective mates were lost, and they began searching the solar system for them in scout ships. It was these scout ships arriving in the vicinity of Earth that had caused the furor over UFO sightings.

The Vegans failed to locate their sister ship, and it wasn't until they mastered Earth's languages that they stumbled onto the reports of the "meteorite" that had exploded in Siberia. They investigated and were able to ascertain that this was their second ship and that their promised mates were dead. It was at this point that they decided to kidnap one Earth woman, and through the process we have described, create twenty-four mates for themselves.

All of these facts were revealed to Miss Donovan during her six weeks of sexual slavery on Phobos. The full details of the Vegan colonization flight and of Miss Donovan's captivity and escape through the aid of one of the Vegans who fell in love with her, will be told in her book, *The Virgin and the Spacemer*.

Miss Donovan claims that some day the truth of her story will be proven because she is pregnant twenty-four times over and eventually these female children of hers will come to Earth. She also offers as proof the fact that she is pregnant a twenty-fifth time...this time for real, right here on Earth.)

8 A PRINCE OF A FELLOW FROM SPACE

ALL UNKNOWINGLY, THE PLANET EARTH has been acting as host to intergalactic royalty for the last thirty-odd years. Prince Neosam, or NEosam as he sometimes spells it, came here thirty years ago from the planet Typhan which is located 8 1/2 light years away. The prince and his Princess Negonna, or NEgonna, came to Earth on a spaceship 6,300 miles in circumference with 63 million passengers aboard. Exactly how many of the 63 million got off the ship when it reached our planet is not known, but Prince Neosom was deposited on a doorstep as a baby and grew up under the name of Lee Childers.

The prince and princess are not here for any frivolous reason; they have come to save mankind from an impending disaster. This will occur within the next year or so when the earth's axis shifts,

the oceans to sweep over the land. The Prince has arranged for all those who wished to be saved to be picked up by flying saucers from Typhan. Rescuing three and a half billion people might sound like a pretty tall order even for space people, but when you remember that the ship that brought the Prince and Princess here carried 63 million passengers, it doesn't seem so impossible.

And the prince is no mere boy. In fact, as he tells it, he lived a couple of centuries on Typhan before coming here, and is now around 250 years old, give or take a decade or two. After reaching Earth, he set aside his true identity and allowed himself to be raised under the name of Lee Childers. According to the *Saucer News*, Mr. Childers also acquired a wife and five children, but they are no longer in evidence. His present wife was formerly called Beth, but he recognized her immediately as his princess and so they were married and, hopefully, will live happily forever or at least for a few hundred more years.

The early days of the Prince's stay on Earth were troubled, mainly because of the notorious and mysterious Three Men In Black who have menaced the lives of so many saucerians. They did more than just menace Prince Neosam, however. They killed him three times. If this strikes the reader as a little unusual, it is probably because he doesn't understand the power of Typhanian medicine.

On the first of these occasions, the prince was shot three times in the back with a revolver. He was rushed to a hospital where he died. The intern in attendance stepped out of the room for a moment, thus enabling the saucer hovering over the hospital to

levitate Neosam aboard and carry him off to a 2,000 mile wide artificial planet, called *Thejenon*, which had been set up in orbit around the earth.

Prince Neoman's brother, Marcus, was in command of the *Thejenon* and naturally ordered all the resources of Tythanian medical science into action. The Prince was restored to life and returned to Earth. Of course the hospital involved said nothing about the incident for fear of being accused of misplacing a body.

But the Prince wasn't out of the woods yet. The next time The Three Men In Black caught up with him, they tried to make up for their first failure by crushing him to death. Zip! Along comes another flying saucer to spirit him back to *Thejenon* and the medical rescue party. In no time the Prince was put back together as good as new. For their third attempt, the Three Men used a machine gun, but even though, as one saucerite put it, "the Prince had as many holes in him as his story did," he wasn't beyond the help of Typhanian science.

This handsome fellow with piercing eyes and curly hair is currently touring the saucer lecture circuit with his attractive princess, who doesn't begin to look her 241 years. They are still trying to save Earth in spite of the way the prince has been treated here. The Three Men in Black have apparently been leaving him alone lately, but he has had problems with a credibility gap that would worry even President Johnson,

At a recent Giant Rock convention, a pulsating light appeared overhead. Interrupted while showing a flying saucer movie, George Van Tassel looked at the light for a few moments but rejected it.

"You can believe that's a space ship if you like but it looks to me like a light attached to a balloon," Mr. Van Tassel said.

Prince Neosam disagreed. When asked about the light, he informed one woman that it was a UFO, or rather a TFO (Typhanian Flying Object).

"That's a spaceship I called down from *Thejenon* to liven things up for the convention," he told the gathered fans.

"Then what were the sparks falling from it?" someone asked.

"Those were scout ships," the prince said. "Didn't you notice how two of them went north and three others took off to the southwest?"

Shortly after that, a young engineer attending the convention announced that he and some friends had sent up the balloon with a light attached to it as a deliberate hoax.

The engineer was immediately denounced by several of the prince's followers. "Why do you lie like that?" one old lady demanded, "The prince said it was a spaceship. You must be working for the government or the dark forces."

The engineer and his friends, it is reported, spent the rest of the day passing through the crowd, recording the reactions and comments of the saucer fans. Several people said they were already in contact with the UFO/balloon and were receiving messages from Typhan of great importance.

Of course, it could all have been a mistake. Maybe the prince was referring to a different saucer, or maybe, as the lady suggested, the engineer was one of The Three Men In Black and bent on discrediting the prince and his message. This was not, however, the first time His Royal Typhanian Highness talked when he should have been listening.

Gray Barker, author of *they Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers* (the book that first revealed the existence of the Three Men In Black), reported another such incident in the Prince's career in the May 1959 issue of *Flying Saucer's Magazine*. It happened while Barker was appearing on the "Long John Nebel Show."

A telegram was delivered to Barker from Mike Mann, another UFO researcher, which read as follows: HAVE INFORMATION WHICH STICKS PIN IN NEOSAN BUBBLE. AM RUSHING TO STUDIO WITH SAME.

When Mr. Mann arrived at the studio. he produced another telegram which had been sent to Douglas Hancock, an admirer of the prince who was then in the psycho ward of a Naval hospital because of a disagreement with an Army psychiatrist over the subject of flying saucers. This message read in part: NEOSAM NO LONGER PRINCE, BUT KING. HIS FATHER GONE HIGHER KARMA. WE CONTACT TYPHAN VIA PRE AUDIO ELECTROLYSIS. HAIL THE KING!

The telegram was signed, Mission for Space Unification

Mr. Hancock was enthusiastic over the news in the telegram and immediately called the Prince on the phone to inform him of it.

"Oh, yes," Prince Neosam reportedly said. "I knew about my father's passing and my elevation to the crown of Typhan already. I received the news direct from my home planet a few hours ago."

Mike Mann then revealed before the radio audience that the telegram had been a hoax designed to make Neosam reveal once and for all if he were really a Spaceman and a prince.

To those who perpetuated the hoax, the Prince failed to pass the test. But even here there might be another explanation. After all, a man 251 years old can't be expected to remember everything, can he?

9 CHRIST IN A FLYING SAUCER

THE RACE TO THE MOON BY THE U.S. AND

the U.S.S.R. should have come to a halt on

December 3, 1958, because as of that date, it was officially outlawed by a message from the space people. The message was received by the Chairman of the Atherius Society, George King, and the text of it is as follows:

*This is Mars Sector 6 reporting from Satellite No. 3. Now in Magnetization Orbit-Terra. Subject: THE COUNCIL'S DECISION.

A short time ago we announced to Terra, through Primary Terrestrial Mental Channel, that man from Earth-as you call it--would not be permitted to land upon any other inhabited Planet in the Solar System. At that time we informed you, through our agent, that the sphere which you wrongly refer to as your Moon, was also under no landing' consideration. It has now been decided that Terrestrial man cannot be permitted to land one or more of his kind upon Luna.

This decision has been taken by the Supreme Council in Interplanetary Parliament-which is based upon the Planet Saturn -and is now given to Earth. *This decision is finalized only by the actions of men. If Terrestrial man doth turn from his present materialistic worship of un-Godlike powers, to the gentleness but exactitude of the laws Which Are God, then he will be welcomed hot only upox Dis nearest Moon but upon every inhabited World in the Galaxy."*

Now this seems pretty definite. There will be no space travel for man until he straightens up and flies right. It is especially sobering since it was sent to Mr. King during a Yoga trance while he was at a public meeting with an audience of several hundred people:

This was not, of course, the first message from space received by ex-cabby George King. The first one came in May, 1954 when Mr. King was in his London flat washing dishes. Up until that time, he had never heard of flying saucers. They must have heard of him, however, because the message was very brief and to the point.

"Prepare yourself, you are to become the voice of Interplanetary Parliament!"

That was all. Just a voice from nowhere appointing George King to what must certainly be the most important post on the planet. There were no applications to fill out and no references required. But that's the way space people operate. When they make up their minds about a man, they do it quickly.

For a while after that, nothing happened. George King was the voice of Interplanetary Parliament but nothing was coming through fróin that body. It wasn't until eight days

later that something rather extraordinary happened. Once more in his flat, King heard a rustling sound and looked up to behold the astral projection of a "famous living Earthian," who filled in the gaps about the whole business.

Mr. King hasn't identified the "famous living Earthian, or explained his connection with the space people, but he has told us that this individual told him he had been made Earth's representative and telepathic channel for beings from outer space.

Why George King? How does driving a hack qualify a fellow for a post of such importance? George is rather vague on this point. He admits to a slight basic grounding in Yoga and has kicked around a seance or two, but that's all. There is no real explanation why he was picked instead of, say, Bertram Russell or the Pope. When asked directly for an explanation, King has a stock answer:

"I'm sorry, but I'm not permitted to divulge that information at this time."

That information may be classified but a lot of other information is not, judging from the veritable flood of information, suggestions and outright orders that have been pouring in through George King from the powerful and benevolent beings who are darting around in outer space. In order to properly correlate and broadcast all this, King has set up the Atherius Society which was named after the "main communicator" from space. In addition to the Society, King founded a magazine called *Cosmic Voice: Mars and Venus Speak to Earth*,

Through the society and the magazine, King has revealed some rather astonishing facts. One of these revelations is the one which began this chapter. Man will never be allowed to land on the moon or any of the planets of our solar system. At least not until he mends his ways and gives up his atomic weapons.

That last requirement is not surprising when one understands that all space people are against atomic weapons. Captain Aura Rhanes, Lin-Erri, Prince Neo 53111-110 matter with whom they are in contact, these beings always stress their peaceful intentions. If they come from nearby Clarion or far away Korendor, they first of all tell us they mean no harm. They also inform us that if we would give up our war-like ways and get rid of our nuclear weapons, we would be welcomed with open arms into the Universal Brotherhood.

That is what they keep telling us, and I believe them, but suppose a person were a member of the John Birch Society or some other group which sees conspiracy under every bed, he might think differently. Just suppose that these people preach against the bomb for reasons other than those stated. Suppose we listened to them and scrapped our whole arsenal, and then-Pow! they hit us the next morning with everything they had.

But, of course, that won't happen. We have George King's word for that. We also have his word for a great many other things. For instance, during a visit to Los Angeles in 1960, he revealed to the news media that Earth had recently been saved from an invasion by space ships from Garouche by his Martian friends.

The four dictators of Garouche," King was quoted as saying by the *Los Angeles Times*, "wanted to expand their empire. They singled out Earth because they live primarily in water and Earth is the only planet in the solar system that is 75% covered by water."

From where I was watching aboard the Third Satellite, I couldn't see an awful lot," King went on. "All I really saw was blobs. There seemed to be quite a number of them."

Paul Coates, the *Times* columnist, then asked how he could be sure these were spaceships on their way to attack Earth.

"This Martian chap with me told me that's what it was. And I trust him implicitly."

"The plan of the Garouche dictators," he continued, "was to draw the oxygen envelope away from Earth just long enough to kill everybody. Had the invasion come out, we'd all have been dead in three, three and a half minutes."

However, Earth was saved from this terrible fate.

"The Martians saved us," King said. "They stopped them cold when they were still 43 million miles away from us. What they did was they bombarded them with spiritual energy. They don't believe in killing people."

In addition to being in communication with Martians and flitting about in their flying saucers, King has had contacts with beings from Venus, Jupiter, Saturn and even one from Neptune. Jupiterians don't breathe as Terrans do, and Saturnians have what King calls "still bodies," and live several dozen lives which average nearly 60,000 of our years.

Even more remarkable than George King is his mother, with whom this remarkable bachelor lives. The mother's name is Mary, and according to reports in *Cosmic Voice* she is also well known to space people. She, too, has been taken on numerous trips through space. On one of these excursions, she was to have one of the most amazing experiences of any contactee.

On this particular trip, Mary King was in a Martian saucer and was told she was to meet two Venusians. No sooner had this announcement been made than two beings appeared before her. According to *Cosmic Voice*, Mary immediately recognized one of the Venusians as our dear Jesus."

Jesus revealed that he had always been a Venusian but had been sent to Earth many years ago to save mankind. After his death and resurrection, he had been returned to his native planet in a flying saucer. Now, because of "certain circumstances," he was

willing to appear before Mary King. Christ then asked Mary, whom he addressed as "little sister," if she had a copy of any books written by her son, George. As any proud mother is likely to, she did just happen to have a copy with her and held it out to Jesus who took it and blessed it in the following words:

"Oh, Supreme Master of all Creation,
Higher than the Highest, Mightier than the Mightiest,
Greater than all Greatness,

We bring to Thee this offering in great love and humility

From our beloved brother of Earth-George The one whom Thou didst choose to be a leader Among mien of Earth, in this their New Age."

Jesus then looked at Mary King and smiled as he told her that from then on her son's book would be "now and forever--Holy."

Naturally after such an astonishing contact, Mary hurried back to Earth as fast as the Martian saucer could carry her. She was bubbling over in her eagerness to tell George all about it, and he must have been tremendously impressed too, because he immediately printed an interview with her in *Cosic Voice*.

"He did speak to you about the time when you were alive when Jesus was on Earth and He also told you of your contract with Jesus in those days?" George asked Mother Mary.

"Yes, definitely," she said. "He told me who I was in a former incarnation: It explained my intense love of the Master Jesus."

"He also mentioned," King quoted himself as saying, the fact that I had a previous incarnation in a certain place."

"Oh, yes, definitely true," Mary King assured her son.

The reader can make what he wants of this exchange, but some people who have read it have interpreted it to mean that Mary King is a reincarnation of the Virgin Mary, and George a latter day Jesus. It is the view of Long John Nebel, the New York radio personality, that the material in *Cosmic Voice* is "massively tasteless, but it is well-designed to appeal to the gullible, the lonely, the old, the tired, and the foolish."

Nebel, who is unusually friendly with contactees and interviews many of them on his radio talk show, found the report of Mary King's meeting with Christ in a flying saucer "offensive," and a "blasphemous caper."

However one looks at that, George is apparently doing well on the flying saucer lecture circuit. At a recent convention of the Flying Saucer Clubs of America, held at the Statler Hilton hotel in Los Angeles, King was in good form. The auditorium was crowded when

he appeared on the speaker's platform, staring at the crowd through dark sunglasses. A young assistant in a rather gaudy uniform got to his feet and announced, "No one may enter or leave or move about during the following experiment, and no flash pictures may be taken."

King then bowed his balding head and went into a trance so that he could receive messages from his contacts. Pretty soon a voice, presumably from Mars, spoke in a voice remarkably like King's.

This is the Fifth Sector of the planet Mars speaking." As usual, this was followed by a series of admonitions and warnings for the people of Earth. Straighten up and fly right! Get rid of your nuclear bombs, or else!

The "or else" is the end of civilization on our planet with only a few of the faithful being saved. King has also revealed how these few will escape the fate of the rest of us. The Atherius Society is engaged in what King calls "Operation Starlight. Participating members are sent on expeditions to various mountains around the world to "charge" them. I'm not exactly clear on how a mountain is "charged", but it's an extremely important mission because as the last days

JAN HUDSON

approach, the members of the Atherius Society will be warned so they can flee to the "charged" mountains where they will be safe.

King is proud of his plans to carry on civilization and has said he is quite definitely the only individual on earth who is able to perform this mighty and unprecedented feat.

He has written in *Cosmic Voice*, "I knew some years ago that I had come to earth with a special mission to perform-had been specially chosen for some great spiritual task. The words of Jesus still burn through my brain like the flames of some Sacred Fire, to urge me ever onwards."

Under the circumstances, this seems a pretty modest statement.

10 HE WALKED IN SPACE

ON A NIGHT IN 1961, BOB RENAUD, AN EIGHTEEN-year old radio buff, was "browsing around"

in the short wave bands. He had just settled on the British Broadcasting Company's overseas transmission when something else cut in. This is somewhat the way he told about it in a series of well-written articles in Gabriel Green's *UFO International*.

The interference was a high-pitched beep-beep beep that Bob immediately tried to tune out but then something else came on that he didn't want to tune out. It was a "soft, warm, crystal clear feminine voice" calling him by name.

"Bob, we'd like you to stay on this frequency for a while."

Bob Renaud admits to having been a little surprised by his sudden message from what could hardly be the BBC, but like a good contactee he stuck to his guns and listened.

"I am called Lin-Erri," the voice said, "and my associates and I come from the planet Korendor. We are speaking to you from our spaceship many miles above your Earth at this time.

Bob also admits to having some doubts about the reality of what he was hearing although he had read several flying saucer books and didn't entirely reject the idea that space people might contact Terrans. Lin Erri apparently picked this doubt out of his mind for she hastened to reassure him.

"Yes, it is true. You are hearing clearly. We are as real as the people you see and work with every day."

The young lady then went on to tell him they had become interested in Earth after having observed its fledgling efforts in space and had decided to contact mankind for the first time through him. Exactly where this leaves previous contactees is puzzling to me, but I suppose there is an explanation.

Lin-erri reported having learned English by the usual extra-terrestrial method of listening to the radio. It had been somewhat difficult though, because on her planet they communicated only telepathically.

They had decided to make Bob Rinaud their first contact when they had discovered his interest in world peace and in the future of mankind. The young lady then told him about her home planet.

"Perhaps you would be interested now in a description of our home planet. The 25 of us in this Peace Party, you might call it, are all natives of the planet Korendor. It is like your Earth in its appearance, although about 6 times larger. Its density, which is lower than yours, keeps the gravity to only twice that of Earth's, but this difference makes our atmosphere denser than yours.

"Our atmospheric composition is similar to yours, only a few per cent richer in oxygen. But even this slight difference would make necessary the use of cumbersome breathing equipment if we were to land on your surface.

"Korendor is the third world in the 12 planet system of the star Korena. Its orbit averages about 144 million miles from our sun...and has four moons, one of which rotates retrograde in motion to the others..."

Korendor is a mere 400 light years away from Earth and quite naturally its people are more advanced than Earth's both "scientifically and morally." (But, then, what extra-terrestrial civilization isn't? It would be interesting to hear of just one where people are still riding around in horse and buggies and had the morals of Imperial Rome. It might also prove to be a more interesting place to visit than Korendor or Mawsar.)

Lin-Erri went on to describe the crew of her ship. None of them were mere space gobs. There's no room for ordinary spacemen when you've got a 400 light year trip ahead, so all of them were scientists of one type or another. Lin-Erri herself was a psychologist. There were anthropologists and sociologists, para psychophysicists and terratologists on board, and they had all come for just one purpose. You guessed it! That's right. They were here to save man from himself!

"Earth must Disarm or Perish. We can only warn you that your present course can lead in but one direction, the ultimate destruction of your peoples..." Lin-Erri here launched into an eloquent but lengthy plea for world peace and brotherhood before signing off for the night with a promise to renew the contact on August 5th.

"Va i luci eno nol si unir, the sweet voice from space told Bob and faded away. It was some time before Bob was to have these words translated into English and discover that they meant: "Go in Light 'til we meet."

On instructions from Lin-Erri Bob was able to Convert his Hallicrafter S-38E radio receiver to Sub-Space Radio, and he was ready to test it by the time of his second contact.

"Kalo, brother Bob," the melodious voice of Lin Erri came to him again, and in a few moments they were deep in a conversation about the Galingus Korendian languages and the fantastic Translingua machine on board the spaceship which helped with primitive tongues such as English.

"The machine is actually a specialist computer, with a memory console, input, and the relevant circuits. The input consists of the impulses relayed by our Robot Sensors which we have planted in various places around your country," explained Jarron a fellow scientist of Lin-Erri's. Hopefully. Bob under. stood what he was talking about, because I don't

After the language discussing was over, Bob and Lin-Erri started talking about previous contactees and the young lady was sorry to hear their stories were not always believed.

"It is a fact that many of these are exactly as they claim to be. We personally have seen

taped records, both pictures and sound of the various contacts such as Adamski, Fry, Van Tassel, Angelucci and Green.

Now this is really very important because it is just what the Air Force has been looking for. Project Bluebook people are always asking why there are no tapes or pictures if the contacts are real. Now it seems there are, only the space people have them, not the contactees, and that presents something of a credibility gap.

And all of these previous people had been just as carefully screened as Bob had been to make sure they believed in Universal Brotherhood, Lin-Erri said, There were a few errors in the stories they told, however. Monka and Merku, for example, were actually named Kel-Ran and Len-Myr, but in effect everything manking had been told by the Adamskis, the Frys and the Van Tassels was true.

Nor were these the only persons contacted by beings from other planets. The old question, "If they're really here, why don't they contact Earth's leaders?" was invalid because there had been many attempts to get through to them.

... Dag Hammerskjold was contacted three times by Venusians." Lin-Erri said, 4... President Kennedy. during his time in the Pacific in the war was contacted. The Soviet leader, Nikita Khrushchev, was contacted twice. While on top of Russian leaders. Lenin was a passenger 4 times in a Martian craft, and Karl Marx was from the planet Mercury." (So Karl Marx was from Mercury, eh? And here I always thought he was born in a small town in Germany or some other such mundane place. But then, why not? If Jesus Christ came from Venus, Why shouldn't Marx come from Mercury? After all, anything is possible in this best of all Universal Confederacy.)

But none of the space people's efforts did any good. Our world leaders just wouldn't listen, and if they didn't change their attitude pretty soon, Earth would have had it.

"Let me tell you first what you face if you engage in atomic war," Lin-Erri's voice was deadly serious. "Over 95% of your population will be wiped out in the first few days. The few survivors would degenerate to unreasoning savages... and would soon die."

She then proceeded to give Bob Renaud a lecture in basic and not so basic "New World Economics" which he seems to have understood better than I do, so I'll skip it and go on to some of the other aspects of this amazing contact.

On his next session with the Korendorians. Bob was surprised to be put in direct communication with Master Kalen-Li who was at home on far Korendon but whose voice came to Earth on "S" function transmission, taking only 3 1/2 seconds to arrive rather than the 400 years it would have on ordinary radio beams. This was fortunate, of course, because a conversation with four hundred year pauses between question and response might have turned out to be rather lengthy.

Kalen-Li, Universal Master, had a story to tell. It was about a planet that hadn't listened to the space people when it had the chance. It seems Kalen-Li had been born on a planet called Krystalina where things had been going from bad to worse, just like present day Earth. That world's leaders wouldn't listen to those who knew better, and when the space people came, they wouldn't listen to them either.

"During this period," Kalin-Li said, "I was a contactee as so many of your people are now. We contactees were also ridiculed, called names, derided, and scorned... Such mistreatment was very harmful to our cause, and made the public wary of our claims..."

"I was one of the contactees with 'fantastic' claim of rides in spacecraft to other worlds. I, too, contacted Masters and was blessed with the light of universal love."

But he and his fellow contactees couldn't get through to Krystalina's leaders and it soon became evident that the balloon was about to pop. Up, the planet's three major nations were about to start hurling nukes at each other. What to do? Well, if you can't save 'em, leave 'em! The contactees got together in a place called Eenekkcol and sent out a distress signal to their brothers in space.

A rescue force showed up at once and lifted them into space while a half million or so of the unlucky stood about crying their eyes out to be taken along. But it was too late for the unbelievers, and just ten minutes after the contactees were settled in their acceleration couches, Krystalina blasted itself and its three billion population into cosmic dust with hydrogen and cobalt bombs.

"Your world is to me a reincarnation of Krystalina. And it, too, is driving itself to the same fate that befell Krystalina," Kalin-Li said.

After some more advice on how Earth could straighten itself out and some light-hearted banter on the age and habits of Universal Masters, Kalen-Li signed off, leaving Bob and Lin-Erri in stitches.

This contact was followed by similar contacts during which the space people warned of earthquakes which were going to shake things up on Earth and informed Bob of a rule they had put into effect which forbade manned craft from Earth from landing on other planets. Then they announced they had arranged for television contact to replace the ones by radio.

Bob was thus given a view of the spaceship and outer space and told that the Korendorians were departing for their home world to receive instructions about how to handle the situation on Earth. They would be back in about six months and hoped that Bob would keep an eye on things until then.

As a special reward for being such a good contact, Bob was permitted to take a good look at the girl he had talked to so many evenings. The television camera panned in on

Lin-Erri.

She was blonde and appeared to be around 18 or 19 years of age, and was the most beautiful creature the young earthman had ever seen.

"Her hair was shoulder length and softly wavy. Her skin appeared to be light, and such a figure I've never seen! Talk about stacked! I had asked her earlier (in a radio contact) to describe herself and this is what she had said, I am 5 feet 4 inches tall, 122 pounds, 37-22-261"" Then had come another shocker. "I am equivalent to 74 years of your age which, in our society, is the prime of life."

If the reader thinks 37-22-26 are rather odd dimensions for a girl who is really stacked" he will be relieved to know that this was a misprint and this was pointed out in a subsequent issue of *UFO Mer national*. The correct dimensions were a "curvaceous 37-22-36."

Having known these vital statistics in advance, Bob had been expecting something pretty terrific and he wasn't disappointed. Perhaps we should let him tell of his feelings in his own words.

...I can't say it distracted from her total image to know how old she actually was, because who cares if she looks like that! Wow! Just the sight of all that loveliness was enough incentive for me to renew my vow to carry out all the Korendians' wishes to the limits of my abilities. Just for Lin-Erri alone, I would move mountains!"

But then it was time for the Korendians to go, and Lin-Erri was saying good-bye. Till we meet again, Bob, the blessing of the Infinite be with you."

The Korendians and Lin-Erri, the beautiful, were back in time to help Earth through the Cuban crisis, and they announced to Bob that they had a plan to replace certain key individuals with their agents in order to aid the cause of peace. They also informed him that before long he would meet them in person. Up until this time they had had a policy of no free rides in their spaceships. In this particular, they appear to be somewhat behind the Martians, the Venusians, the Mercurians and perhaps even the little people on the inside of the earth for all I know.

But now all this had changed. Bob Renaud had won his spurs and would be received on board his space friends' ship. On December 22, 1962, he received a letter in the mail that contained instructions for his first personal meeting with the Korendians. On December 29, 1962, three spacemen-Oril-Val, Sen-Kor and Gary-Sol--picked him up in a car and drove him to a secluded spot where they displayed an antigravity device and laser beams that could drill holes in boulders. Then they told him the space people had contacted President Kennedy, Premier Khrushchev and Mao-Tse Tung. Only Mao had been completely adamant, but the other two had still kept the messages

from space a secret.

On August 6, 1963, the long-awaited space ride was finally to take place. The spacemen picked Renaud up in a white 63 Plymouth Fury convertible. One of the spacemen turned out to be an old friend of Bob's from the nearby town of Pittsfield who had been living incognito on Earth for some time. On their way to the rendezvous point, they listened to "Viennese-style waltz music" from a station over 700 light years away. Shortly thereafter, they were taken aboard a small shuttle craft and lifted into space where Bob was instructed in the art of flying a saucer. He was to have another first to his credit before too long, but in the meantime, he received much interesting information on the solar system. According to the Korendians, there are seven inhabited planets in our solar system: Mercury, Venus, Earth, Clarion, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn. (One can't help wondering why Neptune, Uranus and Pluto were passed by for real estate development.)

Mercury, where things get a little hot in the summer, has underground cities. The clouds around Venus are artificial and serve the purpose of keeping things cool. The people on Mars drink atomically made water". Saturn is the "tribunal" planet in the solar system and its climate makes Earth's look bad.

All of the people who inhabit these seven planets are humanoid and most of them live an average of 400 years. The people of Earth can look forward to similar longevity in the future if things go right:

And then we come to the high point in Bob Renaud's contact with the Korendians. It took place on February 4, 1964, when he became the first earthman to walk in Space. Dressed in a spacesuit and wearing magnetic shoes, he walked on the outer surface of a UFO 200 feet in diameter. He may have made the first walk but he didn't get the credit. That went to a Russian named Alexei Leonov. Such is fame! But I'm sure the young man who first flew a flying saucer and first walked in space takes it philosophically, because anyone who sits at the feet of a Universal Master of Korendor must have many other great things ahead of him.

11 A LOVER FROM SATURN

HOWDY, NEIGHBOR, HOW ABOUT SOME HAM and eggs?" That's the kind of greeting Howard

Menger is used to extending to space people. He's been entertaining them for so long at his High bridge, N.J. farm that they are more familiar to him than his next door neighbors.

Menger was one of the main attractions at the Giant Rock convention in 1959. Some 7,000 saucer fans hung on his every word as he told all about our visitors from outer space.

"These men from space are not monsters," Menger said. "They are warm and wonderful human beings. Got real human appetites too. Why, I tell you, it would have done your hearts good to see them tie into that breakfast we fed them last time. Oh, it was glorious, friends, glorious."

He went on to tell the believers all about one particular space craft from Venus which first dropped by his farm 10 years previously and had been showing up regularly ever since, including the occasional visits for ham and eggs.

Actually, Howard Menger's relations with people from space go back even farther than the ten years he spoke of at Giant Rock. He and his brother were seeing discs as far back as 1932. Finally one of them landed on the farm, and the boys were able to see it clearly enough that they were sure it was of metallic construction.

It wasn't long after that that Howard had his first personal contact. Drawn by an irresistible urge, he entered a wooded glade and there saw "the most exquisite woman" he'd ever laid eyes on. "She was haloed by the sun and her long golden hair. Her skin was lily-petaled and her eyes were flecked with gold. *

Howard, a precocious lad, was thrilled by this mysterious beauty. "It was a tremendous surge of warmth, love and physical attraction which emanated from her to me," he says. There was a brief conversation that the boy was to remember all his life and then the beautiful blonde was gone.

He had no more contact with space beings until 1942, when he was serving in the Army. Their first two attempts to get through to him were abortive. While on leave in Mexico, he was approached first by a man with shoulder length blond hair and then by a man in Army uniform who mentioned the girl in the glade. Howard refused to talk to either of them.

Later, while serving in Hawaii, he felt a compelling psychic urge to visit the beach at

night. There he found a "magnificently beautiful brunette, with great dark eyes." This young lady was "...dressed in an almost transparent pair of pajamas with a tunic top: the pink and misty material revealed the slow sensuous curves of her flawless body."

Controlling his hammering pulses with difficulty. Howard had a short conversation with the young lady during which she informed him that she was from Mars and made several prophecies concerning his future before disappearing

Shortly after that Menger had a long conversation with a Venusian man who told him there is no "spiritual death" and that those who have lived good lives on Earth are reborn on Venus. Then after predicting that the Allies would win the war, he also took his leave.

When the war was over, Menger, who had married by now, returned with his wife, Rose, to New Jersey and became a sign-painter. In June, 1946, he again had a short visit with space people. Two handsome men in blue ski-suits and shoulder length yellow hair arrived, accompanied by his first contact, the beautiful blonde of 1932.

Howard expressed surprise that she didn't look a day older. The lady laughed and winked and told him that since she was already 500 years old, the few years in between their meetings wouldn't have put many gray hairs among the gold. Then she made a prophecy that was to play an important part in Howard's life.

"Someday," she told him, "you will meet one who is my sister. She will work with you and be with you for the duration of your span on this planet. She is my little sister from Venus and incarnated on this planet some years ago in your state of New Jersey."

From then on Menger was in almost constant contact with space people. He was given the positions of landing areas for saucers which were called Field Location No. 1 and Field Location No. 2. Most of his friends from space were Venusians but there was a good sprinkling of Martians also. Howard performed small tasks for them such as carrying messages and teaching them slang. He also conducted classes for them in earth-side customs. In addition, he was appointed purchasing agent and bought them special foods in the local health stores and some tools they wished to examine.

The most interesting task he was called on to perform was selecting clothes for the beautiful space girls. He was quite astonished when he was informed they wouldn't need brassieres. They were too well muscled in the breast department to need such artificial support he was told.

It was about this time that Howard, probably due to the influence of the space people, began to develop his own occult powers. The most important of these was his suddenly discovered ability to teleport his body over considerable distances.

The best documented demonstration of this ability occurred in late November or early

December, 1956 and was witnessed by his sister-in-law, Mary. Howard had been overcome by another of his irresistible urges and had driven over into Pennsylvania. When he reached a point about seventy-five miles from home, he observed a spaceship hovering over an open field. Since he always carried a Polaroid camera for quick shots at any space ships or space girls who might happen along, he whipped it out and took three pictures.

Then, as though he were receiving a telepathed order from the ship, he felt an urge to teleport himself home. Mary tells what happened then.

She was sitting in the living room of the Menger home when she heard a knock at the door. On opening it, she was astonished to find Howard standing there staring at her. She knew he was almost a hundred miles away and yet he was standing on his own front porch.

Howard didn't say anything but he held out his briar pipe to her and then "disappeared. This strange occurrence took place at 8:20 p.m. At 8:30 the phone rang and Rose Menger answered it. Howard was on the other end and wanted to know if he had been home that evening.

"I was concentrating on being home, Menger said, "and fell into a trance during which I imagined I was at the door and handed my pipe to Mary."

Rose told him he had indeed been at the door.

"I thought that I must have been," Howard said, because when I awoke my pipe was gone."

He told his wife he was in a diner in Pennsylvania and would be home in the flesh later, Mrs. Menger was later to say that she felt he was really where he said he was because his voice sounded faint and far away.

When Menger told his story on the Long John Nebel show, doubt was expressed by some of the listeners as to the truth of his story. Menger reportedly claimed that there were witnesses in the diner who saw him make his famous telephone call, He has never revealed the names of these people, however, but has suggested that the telephone company might be able to confirm his call. The telephone company has shown remarkable little interest in doing so.

In October of that same year (1956) Menger staged an even more sensational "proof of his stories. He persuaded a few of his friends from space to appear before six witnesses, including a physicist from a nearby university.

Besides the physicist, there was Howard's wife, Rose, his father and his sister-in-law. With them were two teen-agers from the local high school. This even has gone down in the history of UFO-ology as The Incident at Highbridge.

The six witnesses gathered at the Menger home where they were informed that six thought discs had been installed in the area by the space people in order to record the earth people's thoughts so that a judgment could be made of their worthiness to see the aliens.

It was a dark night and the area around the farm was heavily wooded. Menger warned the witnesses about getting too close, and later they all agreed more or less as to what they saw. They all reported having seen lighted objects in the sky but were in disagreement as to exactly what they looked like. And all of them remembered hearing footsteps nearby which they assumed were those of the space people.

After a pause for hot chocolate, they returned to the area where they witnessed an extraordinary display of space antics. The astonished group believes it saw at least three figures in the dark, one of which behaved very oddly indeed. He darted around and leaped over fences in a way that several of the witnesses believed impossible for a normal human being, although others thought a well-trained gymnast might have been able to duplicate his feats.

There was also some disagreement as to how high the bounding spaceman leaped. Several people claimed they had seen him "levitate" himself over a four-foot high picket fence while others denied this. Some believe the space people were wearing suits that gave off an intense glow while others tell only of white suits.

At any rate, the Incident at Highbridge caused quite a sensation in flying saucer circles and rated a full-length debunking article in *Argosy* magazine in November 1957, from which some of the details in this account have been taken

It was about this time that Howard learned he was no mere contactee. He was, in fact, one of the space people himself. He had originally been a dweller on Saturn but had been sent to earth to be reincarnated in the body of a one-year-old boy named Howard Menger who had just died.

This turned out to be a very important piece of information when Howard attended a lecture given by George Van Tassel. Also attending the lecture was an attractive young woman named Constance Weber. Howard took one look at her and realized she was the girl of the prophecy. This was the sister of his Venusian dream girl, Constance later told of her romance with Howard in a book entitled *My Saturnian Lover* written under the pseudonym of Marla Baxter. This interesting account of the first interplanetary love affair did a brisk business at flying saucer conventions at \$2.95 per copy and is now a rarity much sought after by UFO researchers.

In the book Constance tells of her flaming romance with a Saturnian named Alyn who existed in the mundane body of an earthman but who WAS capable under the right

circumstances of expanding his body to his original Saturnian size. Alyn is quite obviously Howard and Constance's version of their adventure closely parallels his.

The meeting at George Van Tassel's lecture was followed by a less orthodox visitation, Constance relates that after having bathed, she was lying naked on her bed with her lovely figure covered only by a towel when she suddenly became aware of being watched. She looked around the room but saw no one although she had a distinct feeling that there was another presence in her boudoir,

The mystery was solved when during a conversation with Howard that night, he made a casual reference to her unclothed beauty. Naturally the young lady was taken aback, but she forgave her impetuous friend after he apologized and told her that he just hadn't been able to resist a bit of astral projection peeping.

Several nights later "Alyn" showed up in the young lady's living room without astral projection. He revealed to her that he wasn't an earthman but a Saturnian and that she was a Venusian and that they had known and loved each other on her home planet. Unfortunately, just as their romance had gotten off to a good start, Alyn had been called to duty on Earth. But now, as they had been destined to, they had met again.

An eternal law had drawn them together and they could not resist it. However, there was one sticky problem. He had acquired a wife and three children, but he hoped a solution could be found to that awkward situation,

Constance, or Marla as she calls herself in the book, considered going away and rejecting their mutual fate, but the stars willed otherwise. Alyn again visited her and without either of them willing it, they moved. closer and closer and...

4...the very next sentence was a soul-searching kiss," Marla tells us and then goes on to describe the rather extraordinary effect this liss bad on Alyn,

"As we embraced he began to grind his teeth, and turn and twist his mouth. He appeared to be getting taller and stronger and his facial contours seemed to change. Somehow as he spoke his voice was different deeper and lower. Suddenly he had ceased to be Alyn and had become a Saturnian. Then after a short time, there was a short exhalation of breath, and he grew weak and sort of collapsed to his regular height and was himself again.

Now that just has to be the world's most powerful kiss! A girl who can turn a guy on like that doesn't come along very often,

Naturally a romance of this intensity couldn't go unrequited, and Howard quietly arranged to divorce Rose. He and Constance were married in the summer of 1958 and were soon attend were soon attending and giving flying saucer lectures and conventions together.

Constance published her book, *My Sabunian Lover*, and Howard wrote one called *From Outer Space to You*. Howard also brought out a phonograph record, "Authentic Music from Another Planet," which he claims to be the authentic music of Saturn as played on the piano by himself.

There is an interesting story that goes with the record, It seems that most of his life Howard couldn't play a note, but then he had taken one of his now famous walks in the woods and that had changed. He had, he claimed, found a lonely cabin in the woods and inside it was a Saturnian playing an instrument that looked something like a piano. By telepathic power or some other such wonderful means, Howard immediately found himself an accomplished pianist:

One of the musical offerings on the record is called "Maria" and since it commemorates the first Venusian-Saturnian love affair, it alone must be worth every penny of the modest \$7.95 the believers pay for it.

A few more of Howard's adventures remain to be told. His flight to the moon was interesting because upon reaching that body, he found a group of scientists from Earth had beaten him to it and were living there under the auspices of the space people. The scientists had set up housekeeping in dome-shaped buildings which Howard promptly photographed with his trusty Polaroid camera,

When he got back to Earth, he produced these photographs and something even more startling-a moon potato. The potato was particularly intriguing because it was said to contain six times the usual amount of protein,

It is difficult to understand how anyone could doubt a man who had six witnesses to his meeting with space people, who had photographs of moon buildings and now exhibited a moon potato,

But there are Doubting Thomases even in the best of societies, and some scoofers said the pictures of moon buildings looked like ordinary farm silos and that the moon potato looked like nothing but a rock,

Then more troubles piled up for Howard, His ex wife, Rose, who had been one of the witnesses to his feats, began to talk. She told anyone who would listen that the whole thing was a fraud, She claimed she had only said otherwise out of wifely loyalty. Several other witnesses supported her in her denunciations, and Rose then began to shoot holes in the space music as well as the space people. As for Howard learning to play the piano from a Saturnian in a cabin in the woods, he had been banging away at one for most of his life, she said. The song "Marla", allegedly composed for the beautiful Venusian who had become his second wife was nothing but an improvisation Howard had been fooling with for years.

But Howard didn't falter. He had an explanation for the new attitude of Rose Menger and the others. The Three Men in Black had gotten to them. They had been hypnotized into saying these things.

But then something seemed to happen to Howard, too. It had been arranged for him to make another appearance on the Long John Nebel show, an event which coincided with a lecture George Adamski was to give at a flying saucer rally.

To make the most of both events, television screens were placed in the ballroom where the dean of contactees was to speak. After the first part of Adamski's address, the faithful were treated to Howard's appearance on television. It was a disaster. Instead of coming up with new experiences and revelations, Howard hemmed and hawed and practically reversed himself. Maybe he had never seen or done the things he previously claimed. Maybe the whole thing had just been "impressions of the other side of his consciousness."

After that night, Howard faded more or less into obscurity, and his followers turned to other contactee prophets, But he isn't necessarily completely out of the picture, because he surfaced recently in a letter written to James W. Moseley which was published in that gentleman's Newsletter #26 on January 25, 1966.

.I wrote my book based on actual experience, which I accidentally stumbled upon in an isolated field to the rear of my property in Highbridge, N.J. These photographs I sent to a department in the Pentagon. It wasn't long afterward that I was contacted and asked if I would cooperate in an experiment based on what I had inadvertently seen, and project into this experience an expanded futuristic view of 'things to come,' with their (Pentagon agents) help and information. I suppose they must have figured the only way to obtain my silence and cooperation was to put me on the "team'. In other words, the 'Highbridge Incident.'

The Highbridge Incident was used as a gauge to indicate the people's reaction to alien contact. You will think this is not too strange when you consider that our astronauts today are being thoroughly conditioned and trained to meet any and every condition or situation they may face upon landing on an alien world...

"I agreed to cooperate in the above experiment, and when the press picked up the story of flying saucers over Highbridge (and they were there and the people did see them; don't ask me how or why), they really had a ball. They worked it up into a real sensation. However, all the publicity did not help me, my work, or my family, as I had little or no privacy left. And this was all part of it. I had to meet and talk to people. At first I was a little shy and more or less tongue-tied, but after many lectures I gained in confidence, and with the material and suggestions handed to me, I was able to carry on...

"After the Highbridge Incident had been widely publicized and the experiment was considered finished, I completely withdrew from all activities in saucer research. I refused to give lectures, or show movies, or speak to anyone about it. I had completed my mission. I wanted peace."

That is Menger's current story. It all happened but not quite as originally told. He did it all at the urging of the Pentacon Howard Menter the first "Lover from Saturn" could now lay claim to being the first "Saturnian for the Pentagon."

But we're riot entirely through with him yet. When we consider the Swamp Gas theory and the Three Men in Black, we'll hear something about his new book.

12 SEDUCED IN A SAUCER

ANTONIO VILLAS-BOAS, A TWENTY-THREE year old Brazilian farmer, was engaged in plowing his family's fields with a tractor on the night of October 14, 1957, when something happened that will surely go down as one of the oddest events in the history of UFO's.

Antonio was plowing at night to avoid the extreme heat of the day, but one wonders, if he had it to do over again, if he wouldn't rather risk heat stroke than what he says befell him.

At about 1 a.m. Antonio became aware of what appeared to be a particularly bright star. As he watched, it got brighter and seemed to be approaching him. In a few minutes, he could see that it was really an egg-shaped object and that it was landing nearby.

Terrified, Antonio tried to drive off in his tractor only to find that the engine had stopped. He leaped from the machine and began to run but didn't get very far before being grabbed by the arm.

"My pursuer was a little man dressed in strange clothes," Antonio said later. He pushed the little fellow away, but before he could escape three more equally small men were upon him, lifting him from the ground and carrying him toward the grounded UFO. Antonio fought them all the way and yelled for help, but in spite of his efforts, they half-dragged and half carried him up a ladder into the craft. At first he was taken into a small square room whose walls gleamed brightly from some hidden illumination. From there he was taken to a larger room which he believed to be in the center of the ship. The room was without furniture except for an oddly shaped table surrounded by backless

swivel chairs that looked like bar stools.

Here his captors paused and held a discussion among themselves in a language that reminded Antonio of the barking of dogs. He was able to get a good look at them in the brightly lighted room. They were all Pressed in tight-fitting coveralls made of some soft, thick, gray material. They wore helmets over their heads that revealed nothing of their faces except their eyes and these were protected by a kind of goggles. There were tubes running from the helmet down into their suits, and each one had a red, badge-like affair on the front of his suit.

When the discussion was over, the men set upon Antonio and began to strip him of his clothes. The youth fought and yelled and cursed them loudly, but they went right on with what they were doing and in a few minutes they had him completely naked.

Then one of them came toward him with a sponge like object and they proceeded to bathe him in a colorless liquid which he first thought to be oil but wasn't. When this was finished, he was conducted to still another room upon the door of which he noticed what may have been three dimensional writing that vaguely resembled Oriental characters.

Once in the new room, he was subjected to what appears to have been a blood test of some kind. Two of the men applied what looked like thick rubber pipes to the area under his chin and drew forth blood in a way that gave him the sensation of his skin being sucked in and out but produced no pain. Later on the Spots began to itch and burn, and four months later when he was examined by a doctor investigating the case, there were still marks on each side of his chin.

Then the space men, if such they were, left the room and Antonio sat down on the only piece of furniture, a bed-like affair with a humped middle that didn't look very comfortable. A few minutes later he noticed a smell like that of burning cloth and gray smoke filled the room. The smoke made Antonio cough and then vomit before it dissolved and the air cleared.

After some time there was a sound at the door and it opened to reveal a woman...a woman as naked as he was himself. She was shorter even than the men he had seen; he estimated she was about four feet six inches tall and says she was very beautiful.

"Her hair was blonde, nearly white," he told investigators. "It was smooth, not very thick, with a parting in the center, and she had big blue eyes, rather longer than round...they slanted outward...as if they were slit. Her nose was straight, not pointed, not turned up, nor too big. The contour of her face was different though, because she had very high, prominent cheekbones that made her face look very wide, wider even than an Indio native. Underneath her cheekbones her face narrowed to a peak, so that all of a sudden it ended in a pointed chin, which gave the lower part of her face a very pointed look. Her

lips were very thin, nearly invisible in fact.

The woman walked slowly toward Antonio with an amused look on her face. She seemed to be aware that he was staring at her in a mixture of surprise and fascination, and this appeared to please her.

"Her body was much more beautiful than any I have ever seen before," Antonio is quoted as saying, "It was slim, and her breasts stood up high and well separated. Her waistline was thin, her belly flat, her hips well-developed and her thighs were large. Her feet were small and her hands long and narrow."

The door closed behind the woman and she walked up to him, looking, as he said, "...as if she wanted something from me." She put her arms around him and began to rub her head against his face. As she did so, she was grunting and occasionally emitting one of the dog-like sounds the others had made. In a moment or so it became very clear to the young man just what it was that she wanted from him. 1. As she was rubbing her head against him, he suddenly felt her body glued to his and was aware that she was moving in a sexually arousing way. Antonio was a strong young man and despite the oddness of the situation and his fear, he began to respond to her advances. They fell back across the bed, clasped in each other's arms, and Antonio was further aware of her odd beauty before the actual sex act began.

The woman's skin was milky white and there were freckles on it, he reported. Oddly enough, although the hair on her head was almost white, her underarm and pubic hair were a deep red.

Neither the peculiar appearance of the woman nor the fact that she refused to kiss him, biting him instead, bothered Antonio now. The only thing that did was the animal-like grunts and howls she emitted as he proceeded to take her in what proved a completely normal and earth-like act of intercourse.

Antonio later speculated that the strangers must have given him an aphrodisiac of some kind because he was not satisfied with the single sex act, and after a few minutes of mutual sex play, he again possessed the woman.

Seemingly he was more than the space woman had bargained for because when he tried to enjoy her favors still a third time, she pushed him away. (Here, we must admit, that for once Terra won one of its small victories.)

Before Antonio could make any more advances, the door of the room was opened and one of the spacemen entered and spoke to the woman. She turned back to the Brazilian youth and with a smile pointed to her belly and then toward the sky. Then she and the man left.

Antonio's clothing was brought back to him and after a short delay, during which he

noticed an instrument that looked like a clock and which he tried to steal, the space people decided to let him to

He was taken again to the room with the ladder and climbed down it while one of the men watched. Then the man signaled for him to back away from the ship, and when he did, the door closed in such a way that he could not see that it had ever existed.

While he watched, the cupola on top of the ship began to spin at a great rate, then lights on it grew brighter and the ship lifted off the ground. A tripod leg-like contraption withdrew into the ship and it lifted to about a hundred feet above the earth. It paused there and there was a buzzing noise and it was out of sight in a few seconds.

Antonio is now married and doesn't like to talk about his strange adventure, but he still swears each and every word of it is true . He was interviewed in depth and given a complete physical examination by Dr. Olavo Fontes, Professor of Medicine of The Brazilian National School of Medicine on February 22, 1958. The doctor found him to be healthy, both physically and psychologically, and felt that although the story seemed incredible, Antonio was not the sort of person who would have been able to conceive such a fantastic tale on his own and was not a reader of flying saucer books, or for that matter, of much of anything else.

So we are left to think this one over. Is there a beautiful blonde somewhere out in space with a little half-Brazilian child, and if so, what are the space people doing with it?

CONCLUSION

SWAMP GAS & THREE MEN IN BLACK

THE THREE MEN IN BLACK PROBABLY DO not exist, but there are thousands of flying saucer fans who believe in them implicitly. They made their first appearance on the saucer scene in 1953 when Albert K. Bender, then head of The International Flying Saucer Bureau, suddenly announced that he was giving up any connection with flying saucer research. He said he had "solved the flying saucer mystery" but could not or would not reveal what the solution was. When pressed for reasons, Mr. Bender stubbornly refused to comment. Finally, however, he did go so far as to admit that he had been pressured to remain silent. He had, he claimed, been visited by three mysterious men "wearing dark clothes and black hats." The three had been what Bender called "pretty rough" with him and had made it clear that he should quit his flying saucer research or face certain unnamed consequences.

Other researchers pressed for further explanation but none was forthcoming, and the myth, if it really is myth, of the Three Men in Black grew. We have seen how Prince Neosam claimed to have been murdered three times by them and how Howard Menger said his ex-wife and other witnesses were hypnotized by them. But if they exist, who are they?

Bender's friends tried to get at least that much information out of him. Were they three men from space trying to cover up their activities on Earth? Or were they government agents trying to silence UFO research? Bender wouldn't say, and the legend of the Three Men in Black remains with us, having been added to by other researchers who claim to have been harassed or threatened by them.

If the Three Men do not exist, and they probably don't, there are others who have done a pretty good job of saucer debunking. One of these is Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who is noted for his addiction to the swamp gas explanation for flying saucers. Or at least he has been widely quoted by the news media as saying many sightings are due to the swamp gas phenomenon. Dr. Hynek himself denies much of this and has called for a full scale investigation of the saucer mystery that has been with us for so many years.

Probably the best known and most active anti Saucer researcher is Dr. Donal H. Menzel, a somewhat overly zealous debunker of UFO sightings who has himself been somewhat debunked. In a series of popular books, Menzel has attempted to prove that all of what he calls "true saucers" are the result of temperature inversions mirages and "light phenomenon." In this, the good doctor is out of step with those who claim all UFO sightings are the result of swamp gas and those who lay the blame on skyhook balloons

or the ability of Venus to disguise herself as various types of flying objects.

(The most interesting of the Venus sightings was a fairly recent one in Oklahoma when the Air Force attributed numerous sightings over that state to the planet. There was some embarrassment in Air Force circles when astronomers pointed out that Venus at What time was on the other side of the Earth from Oklahoma,)

Dr. Menzel has failed to convince other saucer researcher of the truth of his theories, and has not even impressed the Project Bluebook people. The late Capt. Edward J. Ruppel who was the first head of Bluebook has been quoted on the subject as follows: These explanations were known to the Project. and carefully considered, long before Menzel published his theories. They explain only a small percent of the sightings. At the request of ATIC (Air Technical Intelligence Center) prominent scientists analyzed Menzel's claims, None of them accepted his answers... Dr. Menzel was invited by Project Bluebook to apply his theories to any or all of the unexplained sightings, using Project records cleared for this purpose. He has not availed himself of this offer..."

.Dr. Hynek has said of Dr. Menzel's hypothesis, "He does not present a systematic study...and raises more questions than he answers...not a serious treatise, but entertainingly written."

But what if the stories are supposed to be ridiculous ? Suppose for a moment that the "contactees are not suffering from hallucinations, nor are they hoaxers, but are themselves the hoaxed.

There are some people who have believed all along that this might be so, Dr. Leon Davidson, in an article called *Why I Believe Adamski*, published in the February 1959 issue of the magazine *Flying Saucers* made a good case for this.

We have not dealt with Professor Adamski in this book because while he was the first and undoubtedly the best known of all "contactees," his story is so widely publicized and his works so readily available that it was thought advisable to concentrate on less famous cases. However, a short resume of his activities might be in order before we go on with Dr. Davidson's interpretations of them.

Professor George Adamski, known to some as the Ambassador to Outer Space, was a self-educated teacher of "philosophy and occult subjects who claimed to have photographed flying saucers through a small telescope at the suggestion of two government scientists. Later he was contacted personally by space beings out in the desert, and eventually was picked up by such beings in downtown Los Angeles and driven out into the desert where he was taken on board their craft. Davidson in his article accepted all this as being "true" at least as far as Adamski's account of it went. It was merely in the interpretation of what he saw that Adamski was wrong, Davidson

said.

"...We may look for truth in the basic narratives of his personal experiences," Davidson says, that is, the night drives in the Pontiac into the California, desert, the entrance into the 'scout ships, the brief and motionless flights into space, the descent down rails into the 'mothership,' the tours of the lounges and laboratories, the hourly drinks of innocuous liquids, the views of the Moon in the viewing screens, the newsreel of 'Venusian' life, the strange fruits served at the farewell banquet, and so forth."

It is Davidson's contention that all of the above events were staged. He believes that the scout ships never left the earth and this is why there was no sensation of motion. He thinks the mother ship was really a skillful mock-up beneath the floor of the desert and that the view screen pictures of the moon were of the sort put on inside Disneyland-type moon rides. The strange fruits he thinks were simply cleverly disguised Earth fruit prepared by Japanese chefs.

Davidson makes it clear that he believes Adamski was carefully picked as the victim of his elaborate hoax because of his belief in the occult and his readiness to accept such things as contact with space people. He states that he believes that the C.I.A. staged the hoax.

It is not clear in the article what Davidson believes the purpose of such a hoax would be. However, at one point he does quote from a letter of his addressed to Adamski which may throw some light on what he suspects to be the motive,

"My conclusion from your book is that the United States is interested in fostering the growth of an elaborately detailed "interplanetary' explanation of the flying saucers..."

Now such an explanation might be possible, but there is one strong objection to it. In the Adamski case, and in most of the other contactee stories, there is a basic lack of believability that would tend to discredit them in the minds of most of the American public. An agency that was trying to foster the growth of an "interplanetary explanation of flying saucers" could certainly come up with more creditable stories.

But what if the agency was committed to proving just the opposite, that an interplanetary explanation of flying saucers is ridiculous? Wouldn't a good way of doing that be to cast ridicule on those who would believe such a thing? Wouldn't hoaxing naive people into believing they had talked to space people and ridden in space ships be a way of throwing doubt on all saucer sightings? Many non-contactee UFO researchers have long believed that the Air Force of the C.L.A. have been engaged in such hoaxes.

Although scarce, there is some evidence to support this belief.

It would be unrealistic to assume that all contactees are the victims of hoaxes. Many of them are hoaxer's themselves and others. may be the victims of hallucinations. But for

the rest...well, who knows? Perhaps there is reason to believe that. at least some of the "contactees" were either willing or unwilling participants in officially staged hoaxes.

We have read how Howard Menger recently claimed to have been a party to such a hoax which he said was staged by a mysterious group within the Pentagon. In another letter, this one to Gray Barker, his publisher, which was published in the S.P. Newsletter put out by C.A. Honey of Anaheim, California, Menger went further into his new claim.

"Here is an excerpt from my new book, which is called *What Happened at Highbridge*: "A specialized element of Government intelligence, located in a well-guarded room of the Pentagon, has for several years spent 24 hours a day compiling documented, indisputable facts on the known existence of extraterrestrial beings coming and going at will, from outer space to our planet Earth. These beings are not, as yet, known to be hostile to the people of Earth. They far exceed Earth-born people in scientific, spiritual, and social development,

Mr. Honey speculates in the March 1966 issue of his newsletter that is, and he makes it a very big "IF", what the ex-Saturnian lover has to say is true, then it may have happened in other instances. He claims to know for a fact that George Adamski was "offered vast sums of money from time to time if he would consent to repudiate his original story or modify it to suit those offering the money."

"Who knows," asks Mr. Honey, "how many 'contactees' have succumbed to offers of money in exchange for telling deliberately distorted stories designed to cause confusion and instill doubt in the minds of interested citizens ?

Yes, who knows? Howard Menger, evenareformed Howard Menger, is not exactly the kind of witness whose veracity one would wish to swear by, but then who would have thought the National Students Association would have turned out to be a C.I.A. front? Or that, even as this book is being written, fresh revelations are expected of huge amounts of money being spent by that same agency to support the activities of labor unions and learned societies?

A little money here, a little money there, and who knows what could happen? And the C.I.A. has lots and lots of money. But what would be the purpose of such activity?

Some flying saucer researchers think they have found the purpose in the following, which is again a quote from C.A. Honey's S.P. Newsletter, May 1966:

Air Force Regulation 200-2, under paragraph 9, called "Release of Facts, provides that only hoaxes, practical jokes and erroneous UFO reports can be given to the public or press, It further provides that ALL GENUINE UFO REPORTS RECEIVED BY THE AIR FORCE MUST BE KEPT FROM THE PUBLIC. The following must be kept secret and rushed to ATIC at Dayton: (1) Parts of flying saucers, actual or suspected. (2) Photos of

radar scopes showing "saucer maneuvers and speeds." (3) Genuine pictures of flying saucers."

There may be still more behind this, however. Why, if the Pentagon knew there were extra-terrestrials flitting through our skies or even walking our streets, Why wouldn't they tell us about it?

One possible motivation suggest itself. It is contained in this quote from page 28 of *Incident at Exeter* by John G. Fuller:

"He went into the report (by the respected Brookings Institute) which suggested that grave social consequences might follow from contact with highly evolved life beyond the earth. The report had given considerable attention to this possibility. 'Anthropological files contain many examples of societies, it said, 'sure of their place in the Universe, which have disintegrated when they came to associate with previously unfamiliar societies espousing different ideas and different ways of life... It has been speculated that, of all groups, scientists and engineers might be the most devastated by the discovery of relatively Superior creatures, since these professions are most clearly associated with mastery of nature..."

Could research such as this be behind the attitude of the Air Force and perhaps the C.I.A. to flying saucers? Is it possible that the leaders of American and maybe other nations of the world believe such discoveries would cause the disintegration of society as we know it?

This is all speculation, of course, but if such theories did hold sway in high quarters, it would be necessary to hide any actual evidence of extraterrestrial activities on or near Earth. It might even be necessary to ridicule belief in advanced space people even if they didn't exist.

THE END